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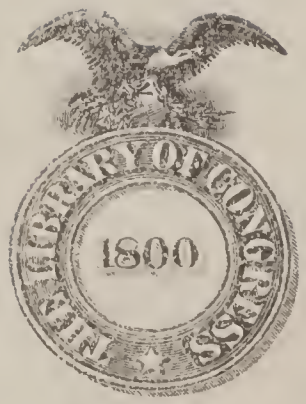

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WAR-SONGS FOR FREEMEN.

DEDICATED TO

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THIRD EDITION.

PRINTED FOR THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

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1863.

☞ *The proceeds of the sale of this book will be devoted to circulating it in the Army.*

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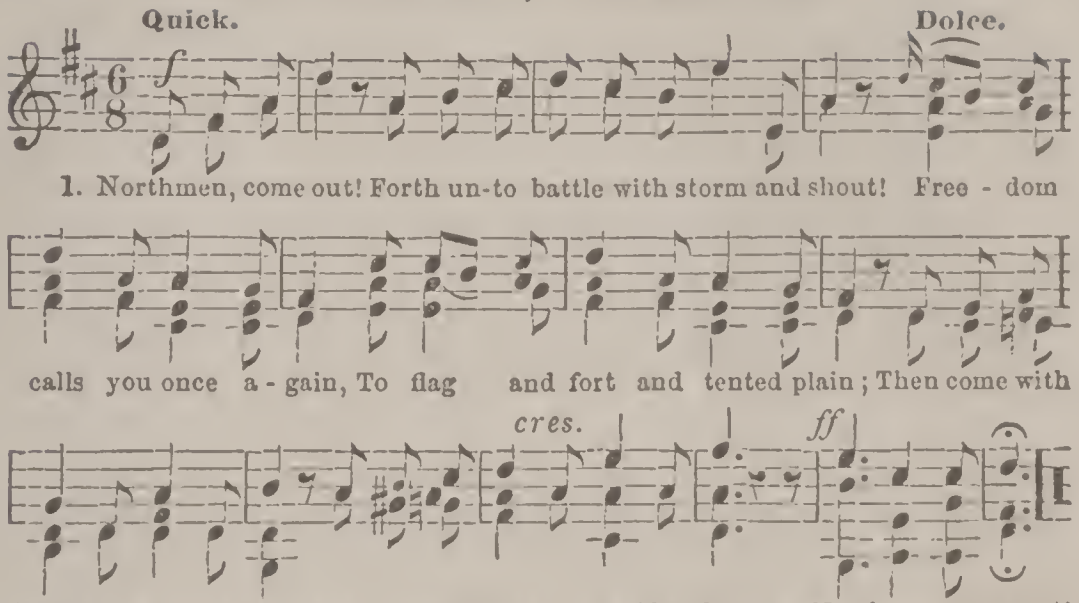
"Poetry has distinguished — as, in spite of all mercenary and feeble sophistry, men ever will distinguish — war from mere bloodshed. It has discerned the higher feelings which lie beneath its revolting features. Carnage is terrible. The conversion of producers into destroyers is a calamity. Death, and human features obliterated beneath the hoof of the war-horse, and reeking hospitals, and ruined commerce, and violated homes, and broken hearts, — they are all awful. But there is something worse than death. Cowardice is worse. And the decay of enthusiasm and manliness is worse. And it is worse than death, ay, worse than a hundred thousand deaths, when a people has gravitated down into the creed that the 'wealth of nations' consists, not in generous hearts, — 'Fire in each breast, and freedom on each brow,' — in national virtues, and primitive simplicity, and heroic endurance, and preference of duty to life; not in MEN, but in silk, and COTTON, and something that they call 'capital.' Peace is blessed, — peace arising out of charity. But peace springing out of the calculations of selfishness is not blessed. If the price to be paid for peace is this, that wealth accumulate and men decay, better far that every street in every town of our once noble country should run blood!" — FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, *of England.*

"For these reasons I cannot join with those who cry, Peace, peace. I cannot wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that, being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the Territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners, to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such a war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice, — is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature, who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever-renewing fight for ascendency in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other." — JOHN STUART MILL, *of England.*

NORTHMEN, COME OUT!



1 Northmen, come out!
Forth unto battle with storm and shout!
Freedom calls you once again,
To flag and fort and tented plain;
Then come with drum and trump and song,
And raise the war-cry wild and strong,
Northmen, come out!

2 Northmen, come out!
Give the pirates a roaring rout!
Put in your strength, and let them know
How Working Men to Work can go.
Put in your might, and let them feel
How Mudsills strike when edged with steel.
Northmen, come out!

3 Northmen, come out!
Come like your grandsires stern and stout!
Though Cotton be of Kingly stock,
Yet royal heads may reach the block:
The Puritan taught it once in pain,
His sons shall teach it once again.
Northmen, come out!

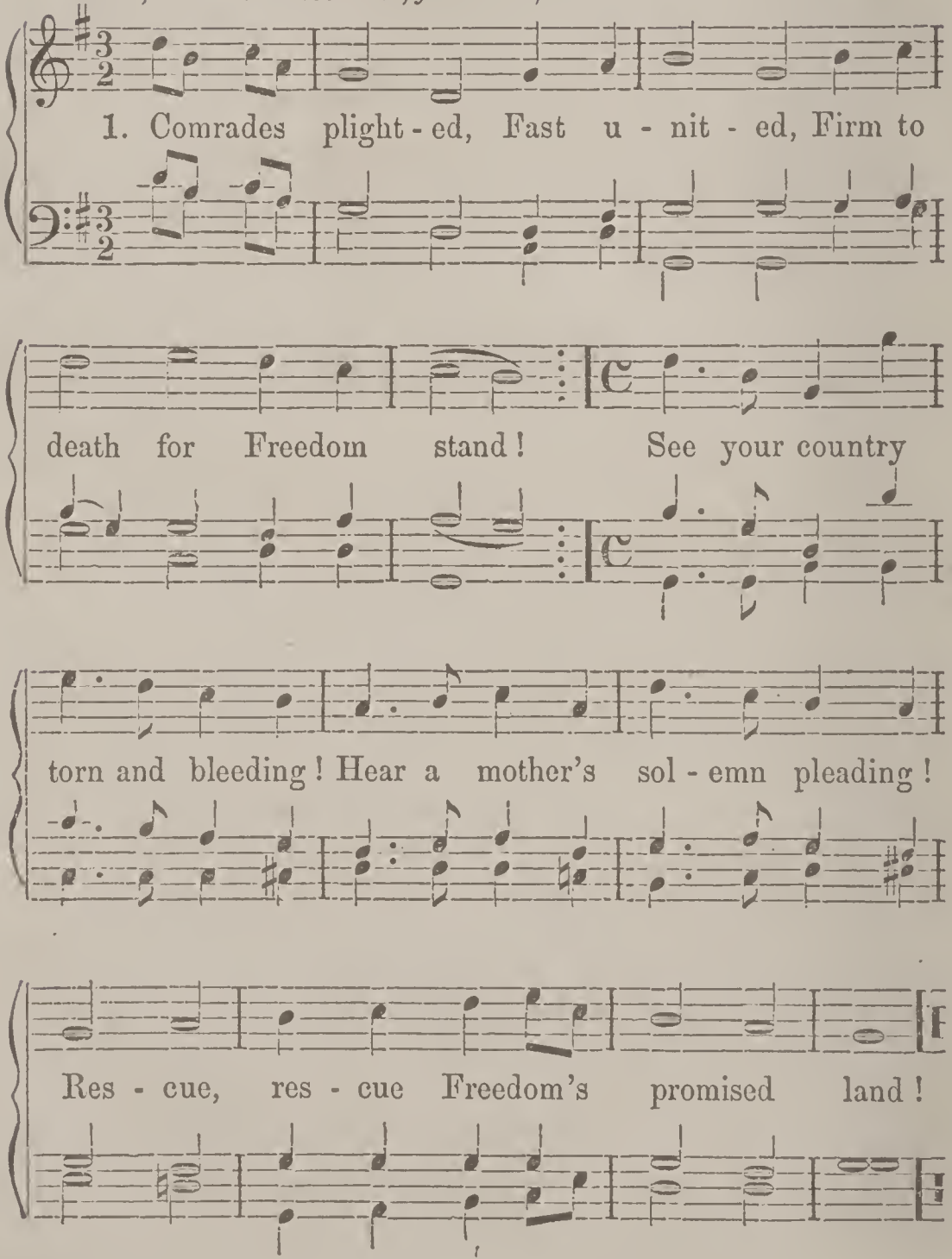
4 Northmen, come out!
Forth unto battle with storm and shout!
He who lives, with victory's blest,
He who dies, gains peaceful rest.
Living or dying, let us be
Still vowed to God and liberty!
Northmen, come out!

C. G. LELAND

THE LAND AND THE FLAG.

LANDESVATER.

Slow, and first three lines, *first* time, as Solo.



THE LAND AND THE FLAG.

1

Comrades plighted,
Fast united,
Firm to death for Freedom stand!
See your country torn and bleeding!
Hear a mother's solemn pleading!
Rescue Freedom's promised land!

2

In her keeping
Dust lies sleeping,
Kindled once with noblest fires;
Hark! e'en now their slumbers breaking,
Round her flag, indignant waking,
Muster our immortal sires!

3

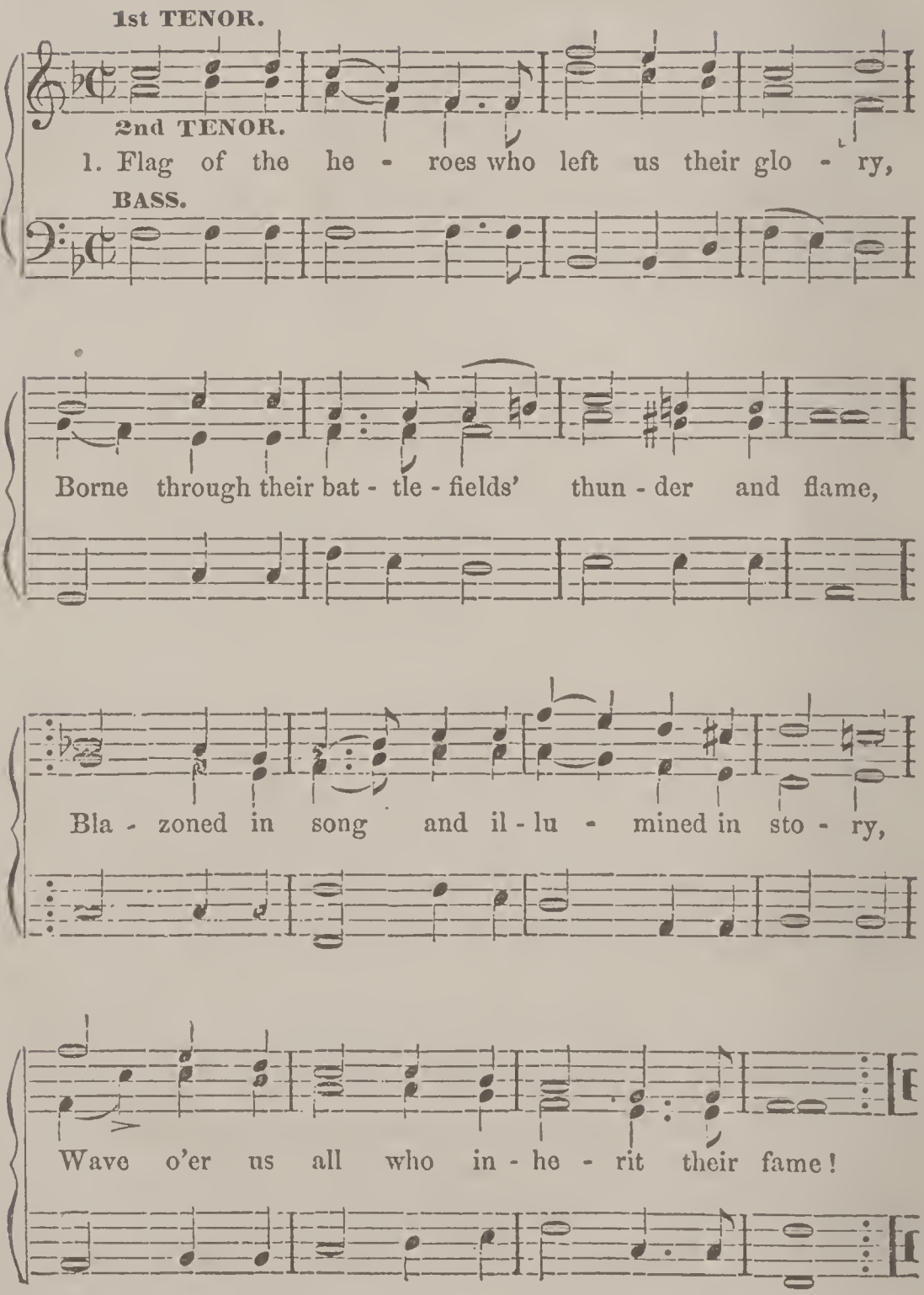
Ensign glorious,
Float victorious!
Treason's gloomy hordes dispel!
Cheer the freeman sinking—dying—
Send the pallid foeman flying,
Triumph o'er the might of hell!

4

Night may shroud us,
Death becloud us,
Through all glooms thy stars shall shine!
Motherland, before thine altar,
Swear we ne'er to faint or falter,
Conquering—falling—still we're thine!

C. T. BROOKS.

UNION AND LIBERTY.



UNION AND LIBERTY.

1

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song, and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

2

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

3

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van!
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birth right of man.

4

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

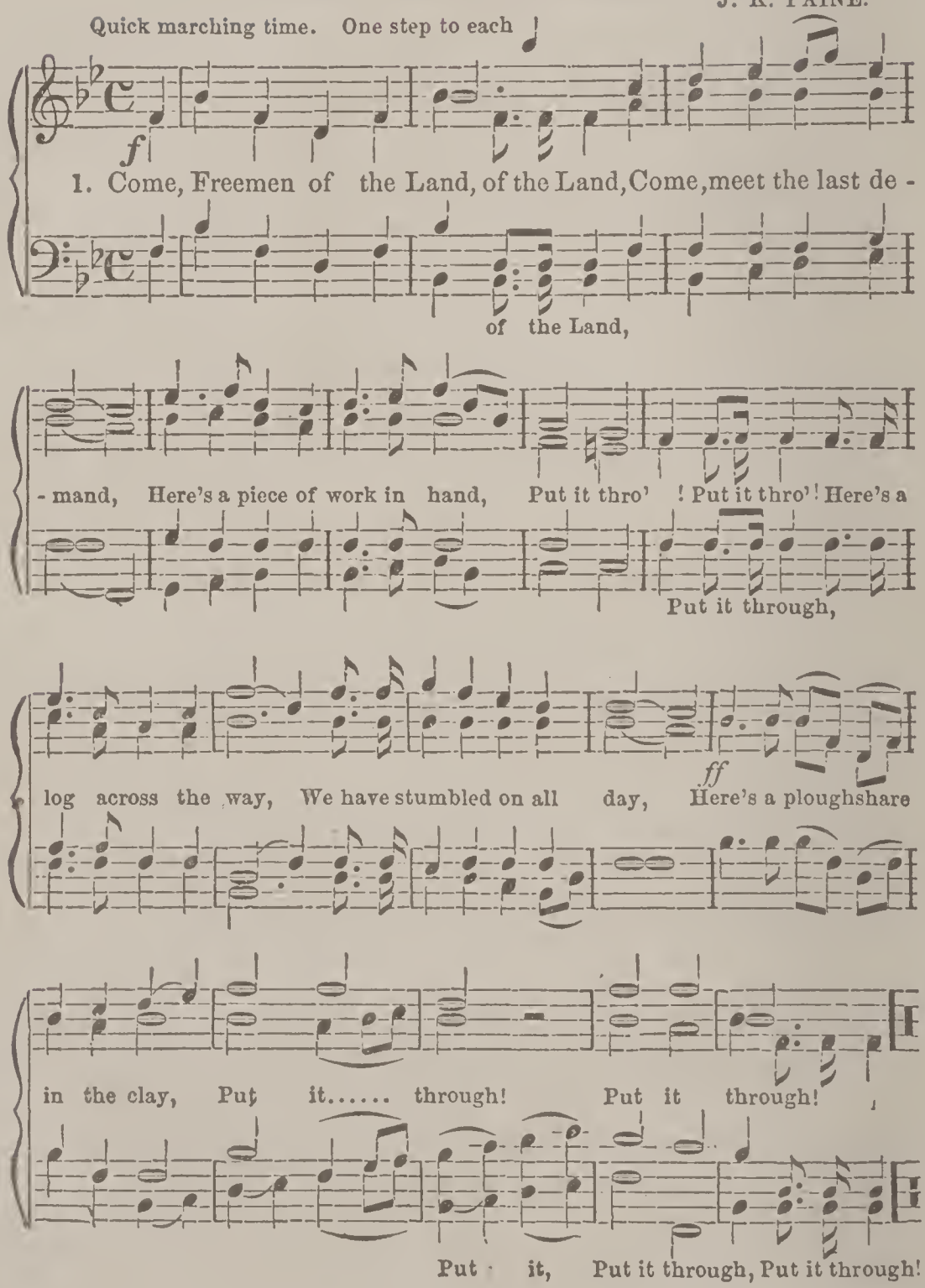
5

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the MANY IN ONE.

O. W. HOLMES.

PUT IT THROUGH!

J. K. PAINE.



PUT IT THROUGH.

1

Come, Freemen of the Land,
Come, meet the last demand,
Here's a piece of work in hand,
Put it through!
Here's a log across the way
We have stumbled on all day,
Here's a ploughshare in the clay,
Put it through!

2

Here's a country that's half free,
And it waits for you and me
To say what its fate shall be,
Put it through!
While one traitor thought remains,
While one spot its banner stains,
One link of all its chains,
Put it through!

3

Hear our brothers in the field,
Steel your swords as theirs are steeled,
Learn to wield the arms they wield,
Put it through!
Lock the shop and lock the store,
And chalk this upon the door,—
"We've enlisted for the war!"
Put it through!

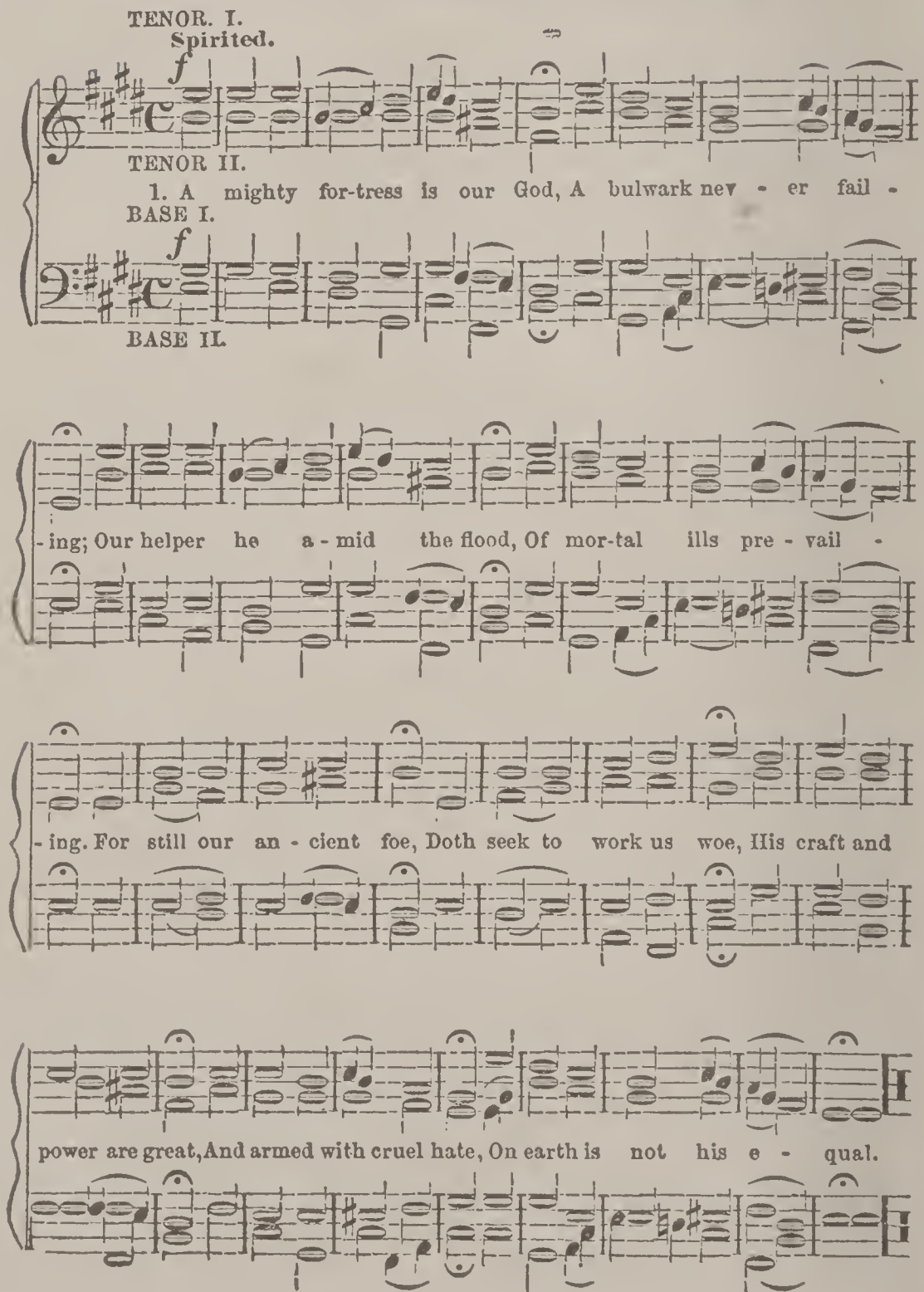
4

For the Birthrights yet unsold,
For the History yet untold,
For the Future not unrolled,
Put it through!
Lest our children point with shame
On the fathers' dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's name,
Put it through!

E. E. HALE

No. 5.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.



A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

1

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,—
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask, who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3

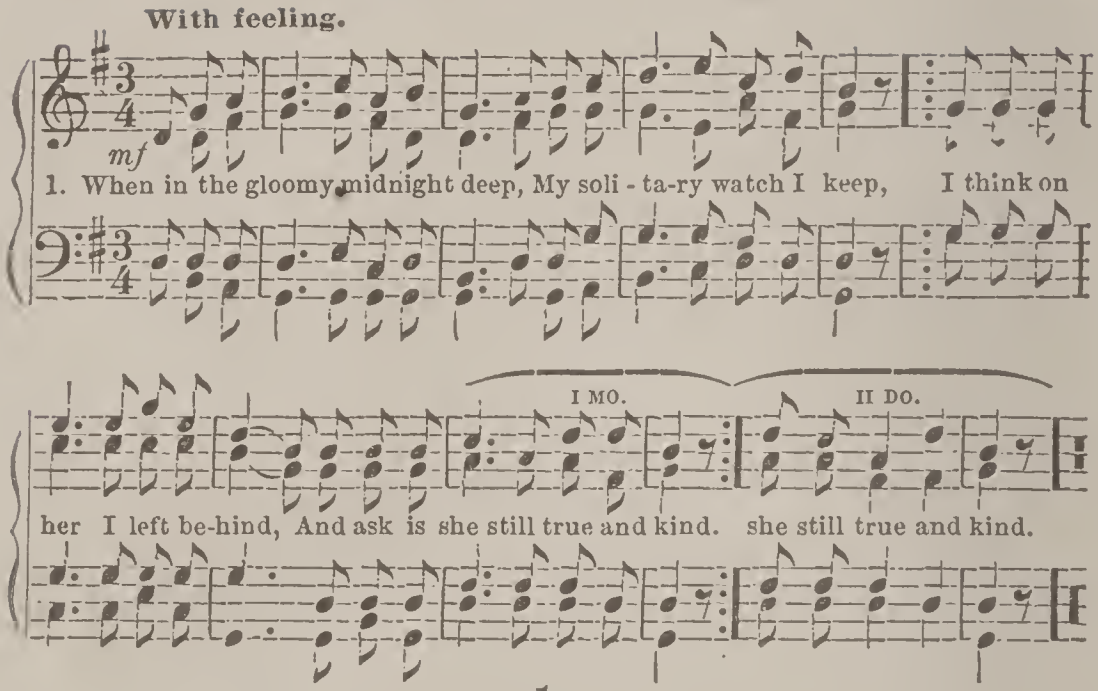
And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4

That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER, TRANSL. F. H. HEDGE.

THE NIGHT GUARD.



1

When in the gloomy midnight deep
My solitary watch I keep,
I think on her I left behind,
And ask is she still true and kind.

2

When I was forced to march away,
How warm a kiss she gave that day ;
With ribbons bright my cap she drest,
And clasped me to her faithful breast.

3

She loves me still, to me is kind,
Therefore I keep a cheerful mind ;
Through coldest nights my bosom glows,
Whene'er on her my thoughts repose.

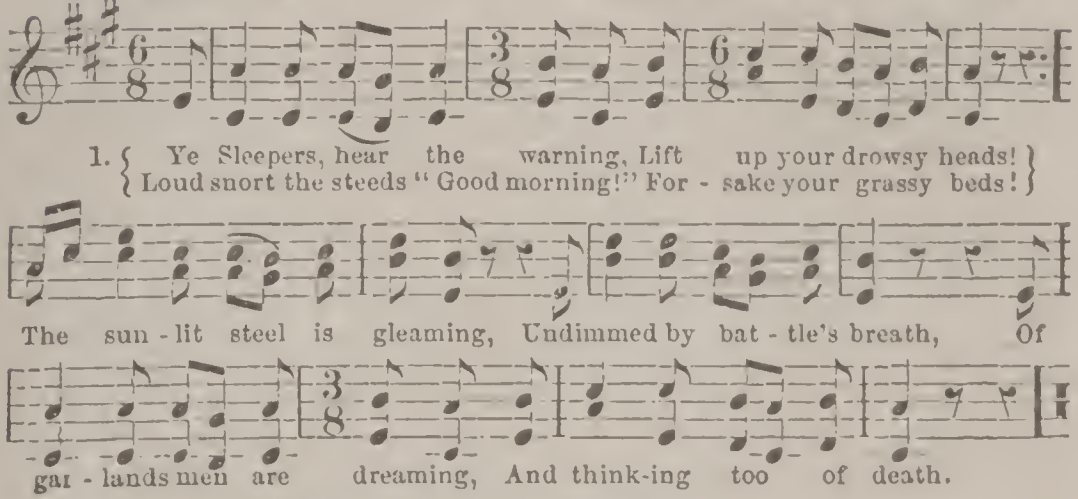
4

Oh if thou weep'st, by grief distressed,
To think of me with danger pressed,
Be calm, God keeps me everywhere,
A faithful soldier is his care !

W. HAUFF. TRANSL. W. HOWITT.

SOLDIER'S MORNING SONG.

With Life. ERHEBT EUCH VON DER ERDE.



1 Ye Sleepers, hear the warning,
Lift up your drowsy heads!
Loud snort the steeds, "Good morning!"
Forsake your grassy beds!
The sunlit steel is gleaming,
Undimmed by battle's breath;
Of garlands men are dreaming,
And thinking, too, of death.

2 Thou gracious God, in kindness
Look down from thy blue tent!
We rushed not forth in blindness,
By thee to battle sent.
O lift on high before us
Thy truth's all-conquering sign:
The flag of Christ floats o'er us,
The fight, O Lord, is thine!

3 There yet shall come a morning,
A morning mild and bright:
All good men bless its dawning,
And angels hail the sight.
Soon from her night of sadness
This suffering land shall wake;
O break, thou day of gladness!
Thou day of Freedom break!

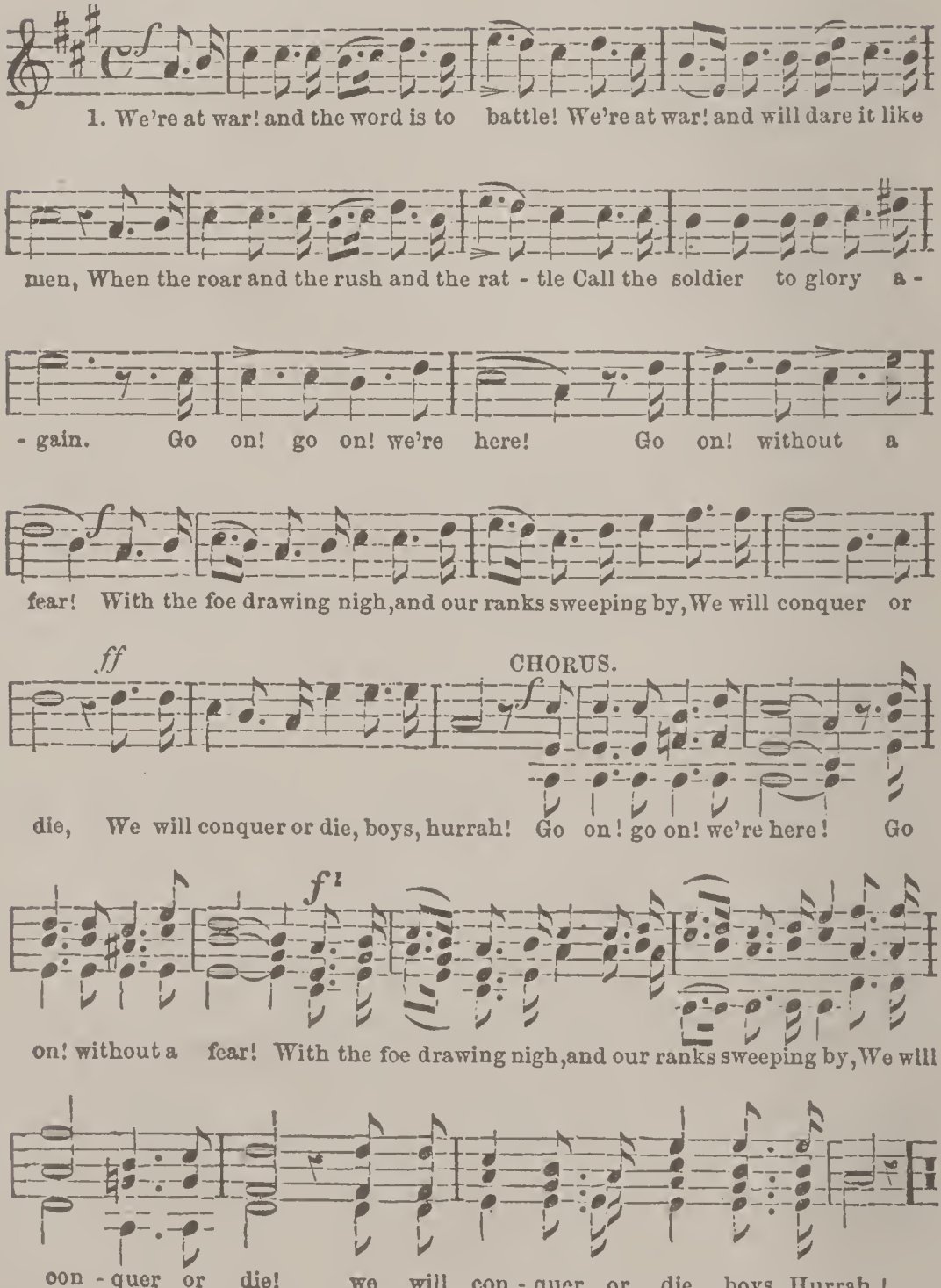
4 Then peals from all the towers!
And peals from every breast!
And peace from stormy hours,
And love and joy and rest!
Then songs of triumph loudly
Shall swell through all the air,
And we'll remember proudly,
We, too, brave blades! were there.

SCHENKENDORF. C. T. BROOKS.

WE'RE AT WAR.

MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE.

Marziale. Con Anima.



WE'RE AT WAR.

1

We're at war! and the word is to battle!
We're at war!—and will dare it like men,
When the roar and the rush and the rattle
Call the soldier to glory again.
Go on! go on! we're here!
Go on! without a fear!
With the foe drawing nigh, and our ranks sweeping by,
We will conquer or die, boys, hurrah!

2

We're at war!—and the men who begun it
May jeer us as hirelings and slaves!
Let them fill to the fight—when they've won it;
Let them fill—we will soon fill their graves.

CHORUS.

Go on! go on! we're here! &c.

3

We're at war! Hip hurrah for the order!
Fire and charge! Hip hurrah for the fight!
We will drive them to death o'er the border;
They are breaking to left and to right!

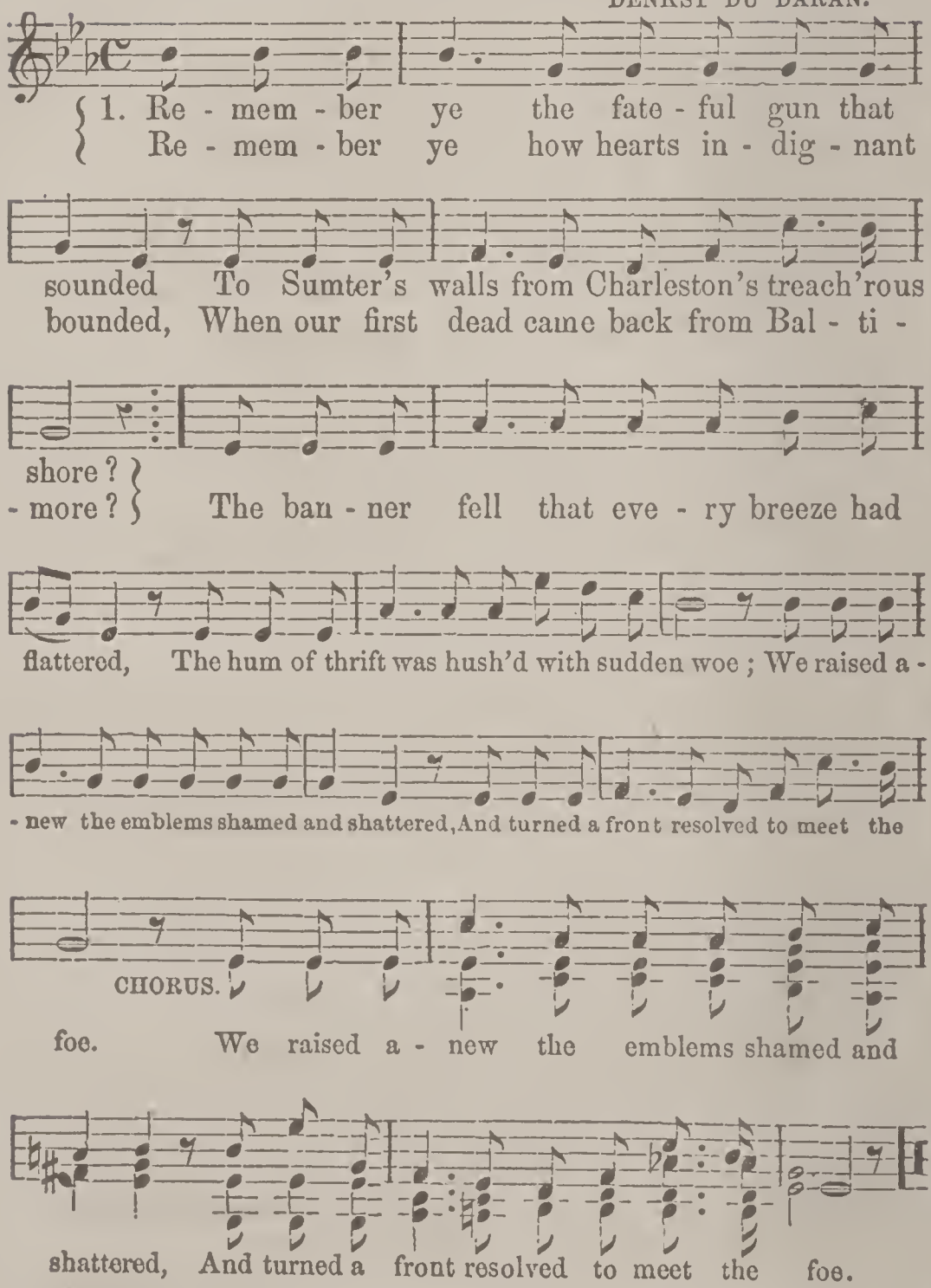
4

We're at war in a glorious communion,
With Freedom and Faith on our side:
Then in GOD's name, three cheers for the Union!
HE'll remember the soldier who died.
Go on! go on! we're here!
Go on without a fear!
With the foe drawing nigh, and our ranks sweeping by,
We will conquer or die, boys, hurrah!

C. G. LELAND.

HARVARD-STUDENTS' SONG.

DENKST DU DARAN.



HARVARD-STUDENTS' SONG.

1

Remember ye the fateful gun that sounded
To Sumter's walls from Charleston's treacherous shore?
Remember ye how hearts indignant bounded,
When our first dead came back from Baltimore?
The banner fell that every breeze had flattered,
The hum of thrift was hushed with sudden woe;
We raised anew the emblems shamed and shattered,
And turned a front resolved to meet the foe.

2

Remember ye, how, out of boyhood leaping,
Our gallant mates stood ready for the fray?
As new-fledged eaglets rise, with sudden sweeping,
And meet unseared the dazzling front of day.
Our classic toil became inglorious leisure,
We praised the calm Horatian ode no more;
But answered back with song the martial measure,
That held its throb above the cannon's roar.

3

Remember ye the pageants dim and solemn,
Where Love and Grief have borne the funeral pall?
The joyless marching of the mustered column,
With arms reversed to Him who conquers all?
Oh! give them back, thou bloody breast of Treason,
They were our own, the darlings of our hearts!
They come benumbed and frosted out of season,
With whom the summer of our youth departs.

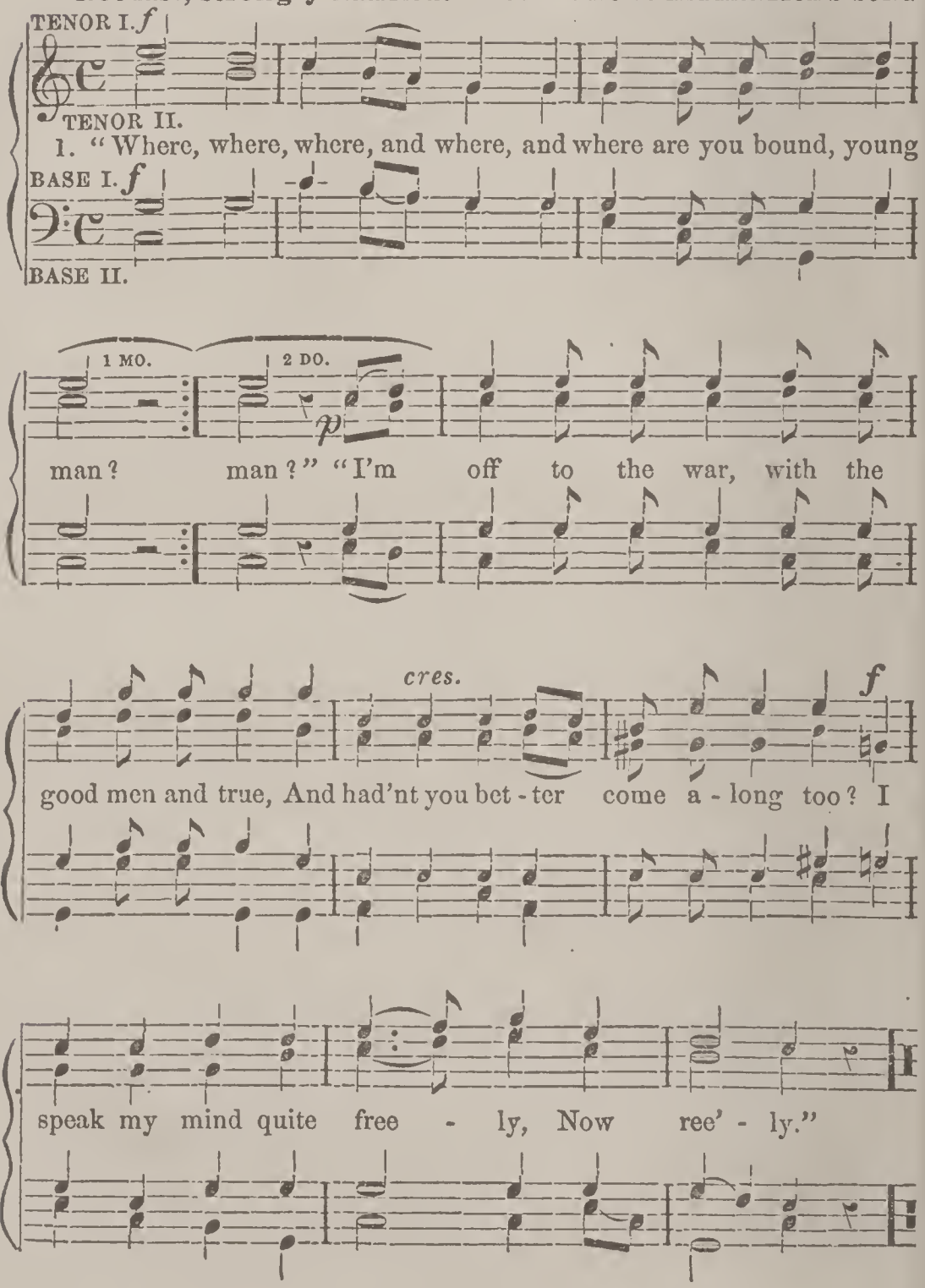
4

Look back no more! our time has come, my Brothers!
In Fate's high roll our names are written too:
We fill the mournful gaps left bare by others,
The ranks where Fear has never broken through.
Look, ancient Walls, upon our stern election!
Keep, Echoes dear, remembrance of our breath!
And gentle eyes, and hearts of pure affection,
Light us resolved to Victory or Death!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

Not fast, strongly marked. FRANKFORT APPRENTICE'S SONG



THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

1

"Where,where,where,and where,and where are you bound,young man?
Where,where,where,and where, and where are you bound,young man?"
"I'm off to the war, with the good men and true,
And had'nt you better come along too?
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

2

"Why, why, why, and why, and why to the war, young man?
Why, why, why, and why, and why to the war, young man?"
"Did a man ever fight for a holier cause,
Than Freedom and Flag, and Equal Laws?
Just speak your mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

3

"Which, which, which, and which, and which is the Flag of the Free?
Which, which, which, and which, and which is the Flag of the Free?"
"O Washington's Flag, with the stripes and the stars,
Will you give such a name to the thing with the bars?
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

4

"Who, who, who, and who, and who goes with you to the war?
Who, who, who, and who, and who goes with you to the war?"
"Ten thousand brave lads, and if they should stay here,
The girls would cry shame, and *they'd* volunteer!
They speak their mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

5

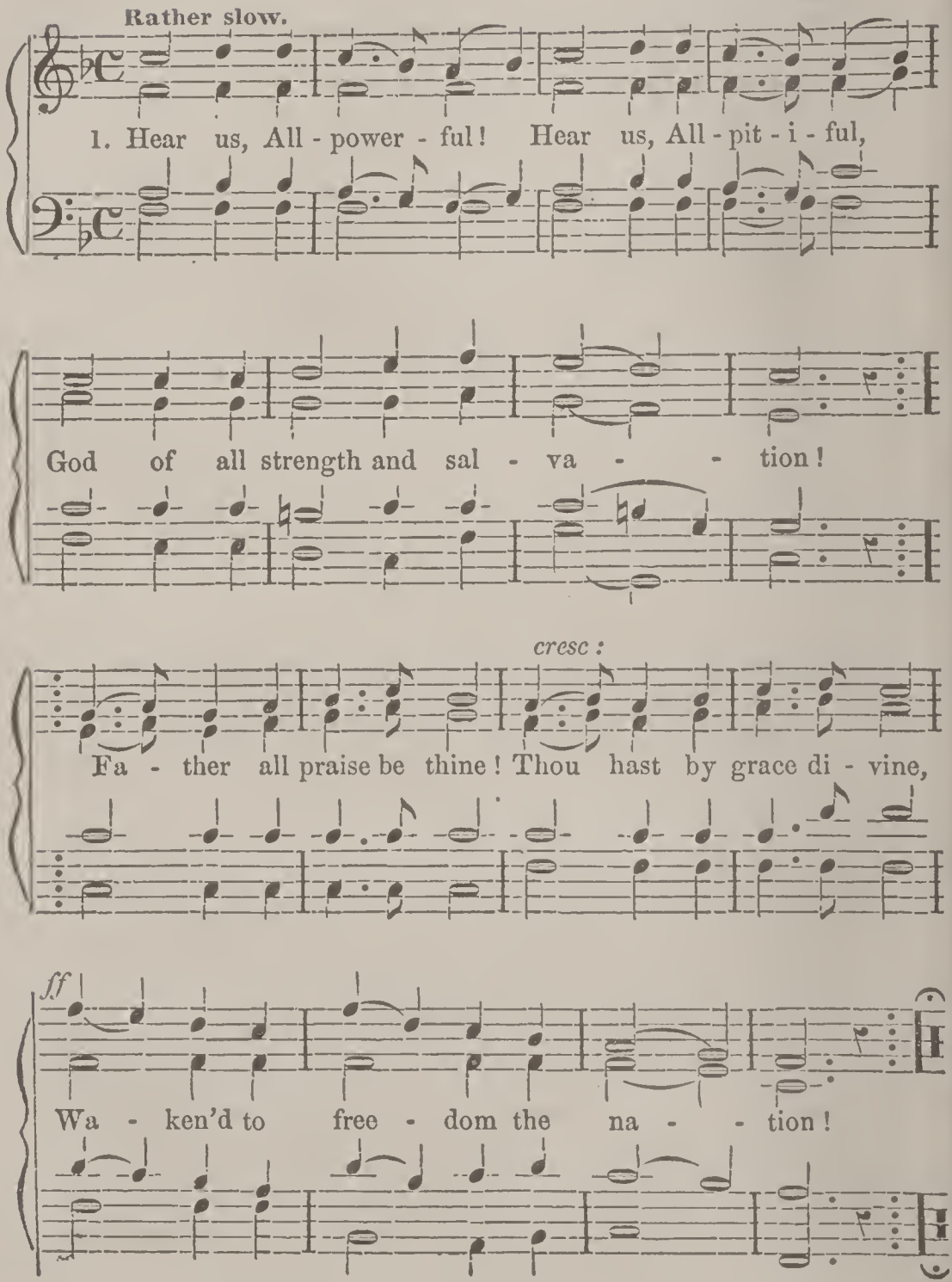
"When,when,when, and when, and when do you mean to come back?
When,when,when,and when, and when do you mean to come back?"
"When Rebellion is crushed, and the Union restored,
And Freedom is safe,—yes, then, please the Lord!
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

6

"What, what, what, and what, and what will you gain by that?
What, what, what, and what, and what will you gain by that?"
"O I've gained enough, whatever the cost,
If Freedom, the hope of the world, isn't lost.
I speak my mind quite freely,
Now ree'ly."

KÖRNER'S PRAYER.

O SANCTISSIMA.



KÖRNER'S PRAYER.

(Hör' uns Allmächtiger.)

1

Hear us, All-powerful!
Hear us, All-pitiful!
God of all strength and salvation:
Father, all praise be thine!
Thou hast by grace divine
Wakened to freedom the nation!

2

Not Hell can us alarm;
God, thy almighty arm
Crushes the tower of delusion!
Lead us, Lord God of might!
May we victorious fight!
Scatter our foes in confusion!

3

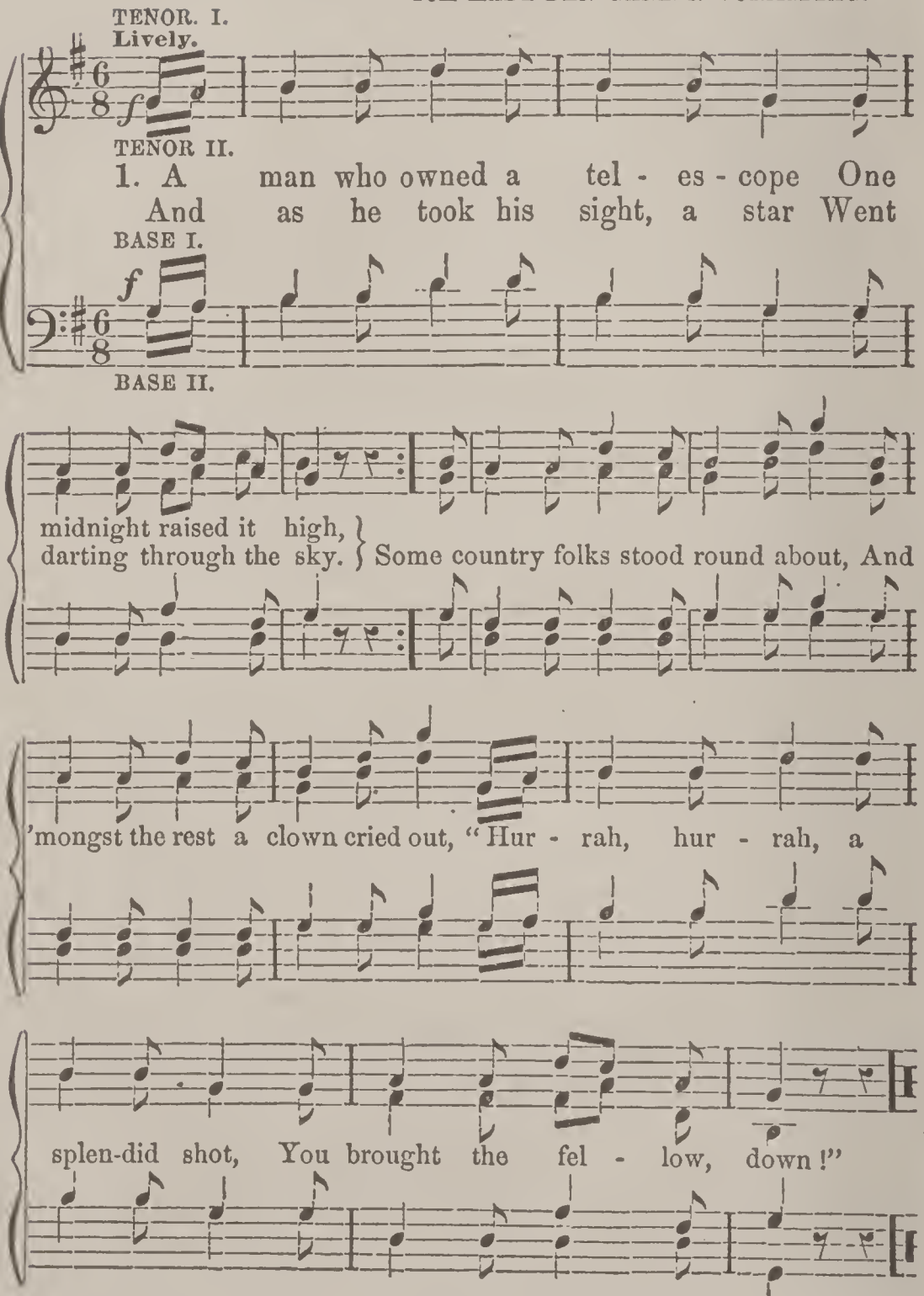
Lead us! though death's deep gloom,
Be, by thy will, our doom,
Praise to thy name still we render!
Kingdom and majesty
Are thine eternally,
Trust we in Thee, our Defender!

C. T. BROOKS.

No. 12.

SHARPSHOOTER'S SONG.

ICH HABE DEN GANZEN VORMITTAG.



SHARPSHOOTER'S SONG.

1

A man who owned a telescope
One midnight raised it high,
And as he took his sight, a star
Went darting through the sky.
Some country folks stood round about,
And 'mongst the rest a clown cried out,
"Hurrah, hurrah, a splendid shot,
You brought the fellow down!"

2

There's many a splendid Southern star
Who shines with baleful light,
But when our telescopes go up
He gleams no more that night.
Our rifles flash, the bullet flies,
That planet sets, no more to rise;
So it is true that telescopes
Can bring a foeman down.

3

Hurrah for Galileo, boys,
That ancient valiant youth,
The first that made a telescope,
And would'nt flinch from truth.
They said, "you've had a glass too much,
We've racks and whips in store for such;"
"I can't help that," said he, "IT MOVES:"
And so he brought them down!

4

Hurrah, hurrah! great Freedom's truth
Is moving onward still;
And we are Galileo's boys,
And help it with a will.
It moves the South, it moves the world,
And on it goes, by freemen hurled,
And he who tries to check the truth
Before us soon goes down!

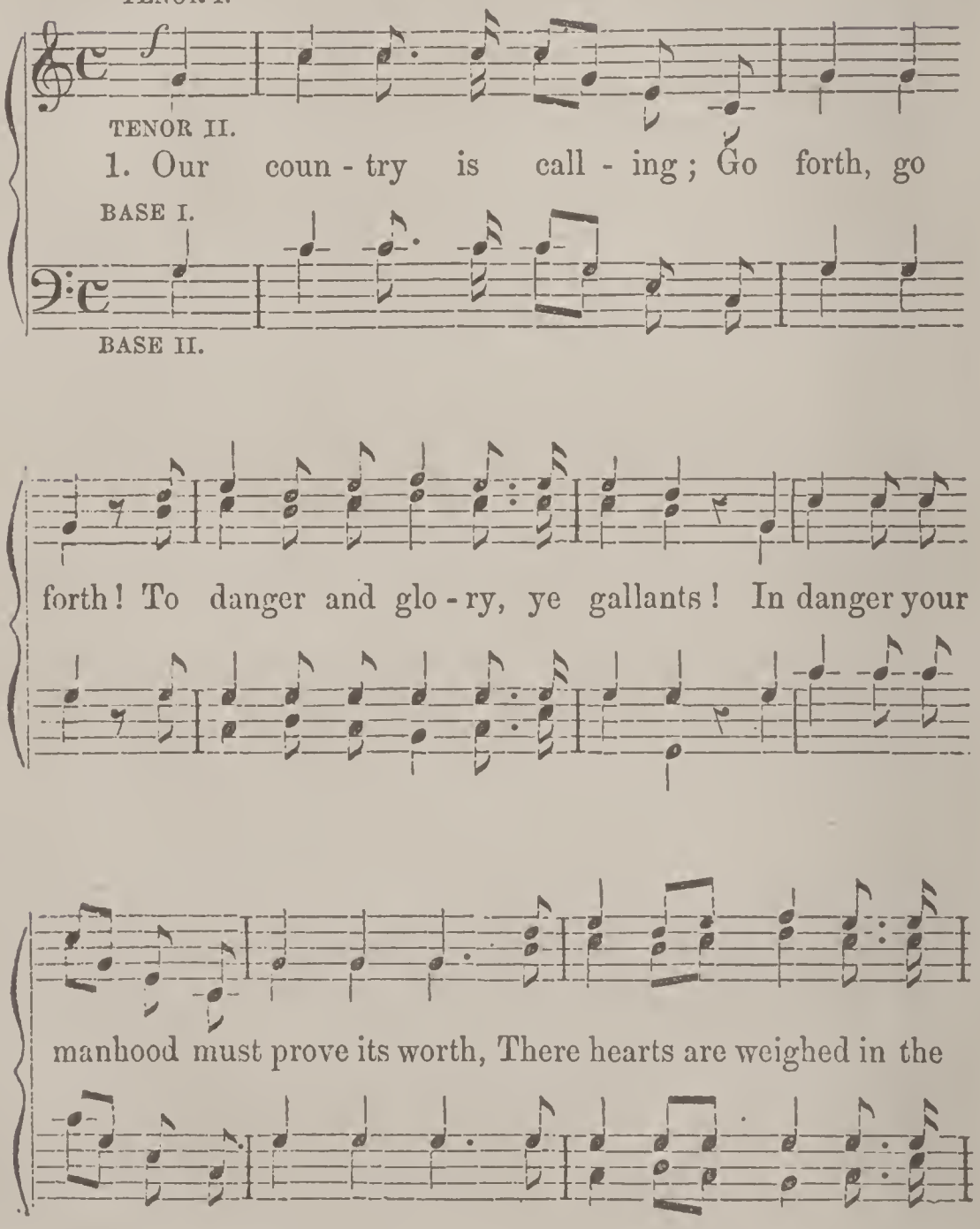
C. G. LELAND.

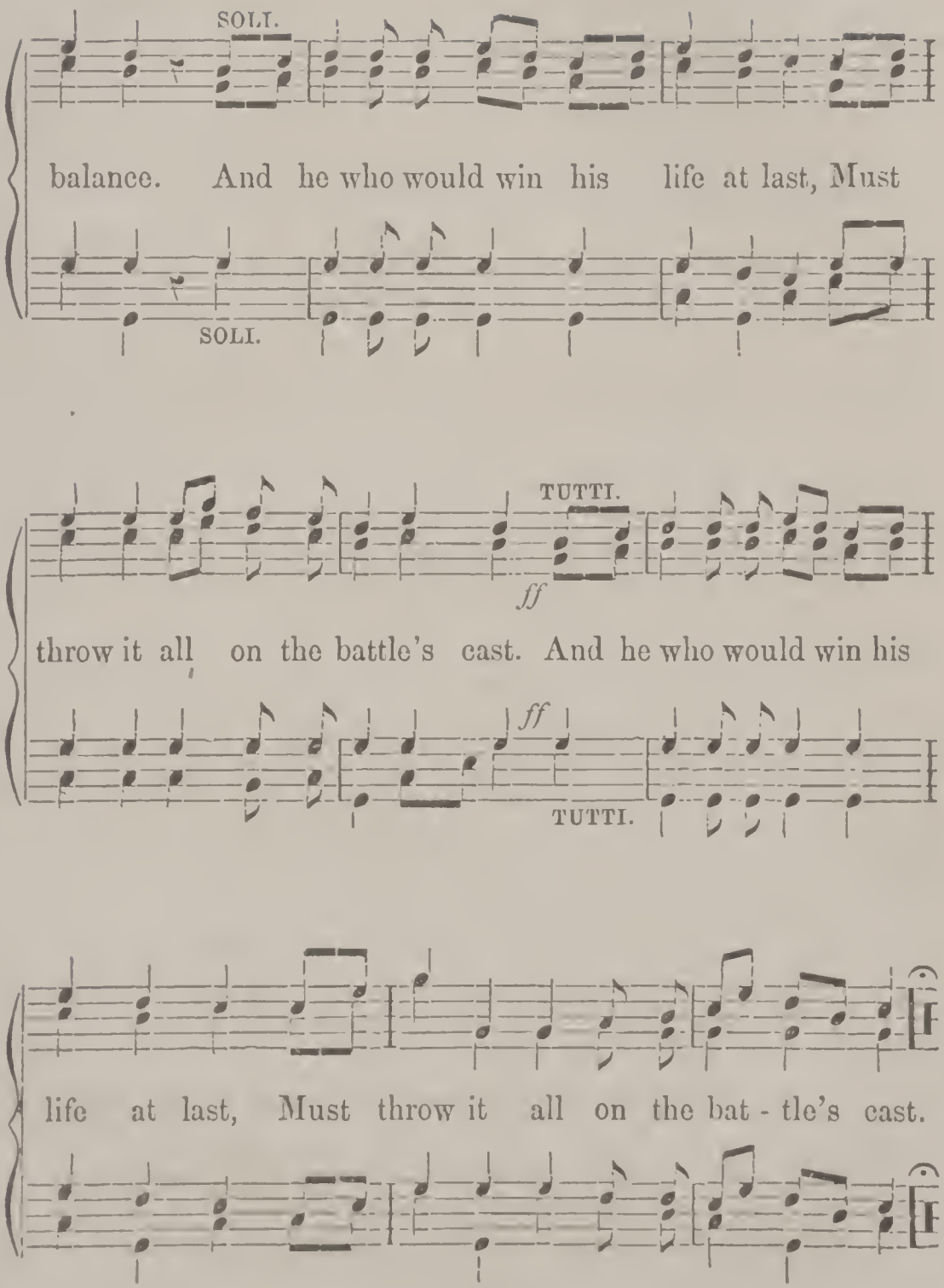
No. 13.

OUR COUNTRY IS CALLING.

"WOHL AUF, KAMERADEN, AUF'S PFERD, AUF'S PFERD!"

Marching style.




SOLI.
balance. And he who would win his life at last, Must
SOLI.
TUTTI.
ff
throw it all on the battle's cast. And he who would win his
ff
TUTTI.
life at last, Must throw it all on the bat - tle's cast.

OUR COUNTRY IS CALLING.

1

Our country is calling; go forth, go forth!
To danger and glory ye gallants!
In danger your manhood must prove its worth,
There hearts are weighed in the balance;
And he who would win his life at last,
Must throw it all on the battle's cast.
CHORUS—And he who would win his life at last,
Must throw it all on the battle's cast.

2

Our country is calling—our country that bleeds
With daggers which Treason has planted;
'Tis Honor that beckons where Loyalty leads,
We follow with spirits undaunted.
The soldier who meets death face to face,
Is foremost now of the patriot race.
CHO.—The soldier who meeets death face to face,
Is foremost now of the patriot race.

3

Our country is calling; we come, we come!
For freedom and union we rally;
Our heart-beat echoes the beating drum,
Our thoughts with the trumpet tally.
Our bosom pants for the doomful day,
When treason shall front us in battle array.
CHO.—Our bosom pants for the doomful day,
When treason shall front us in battle array.

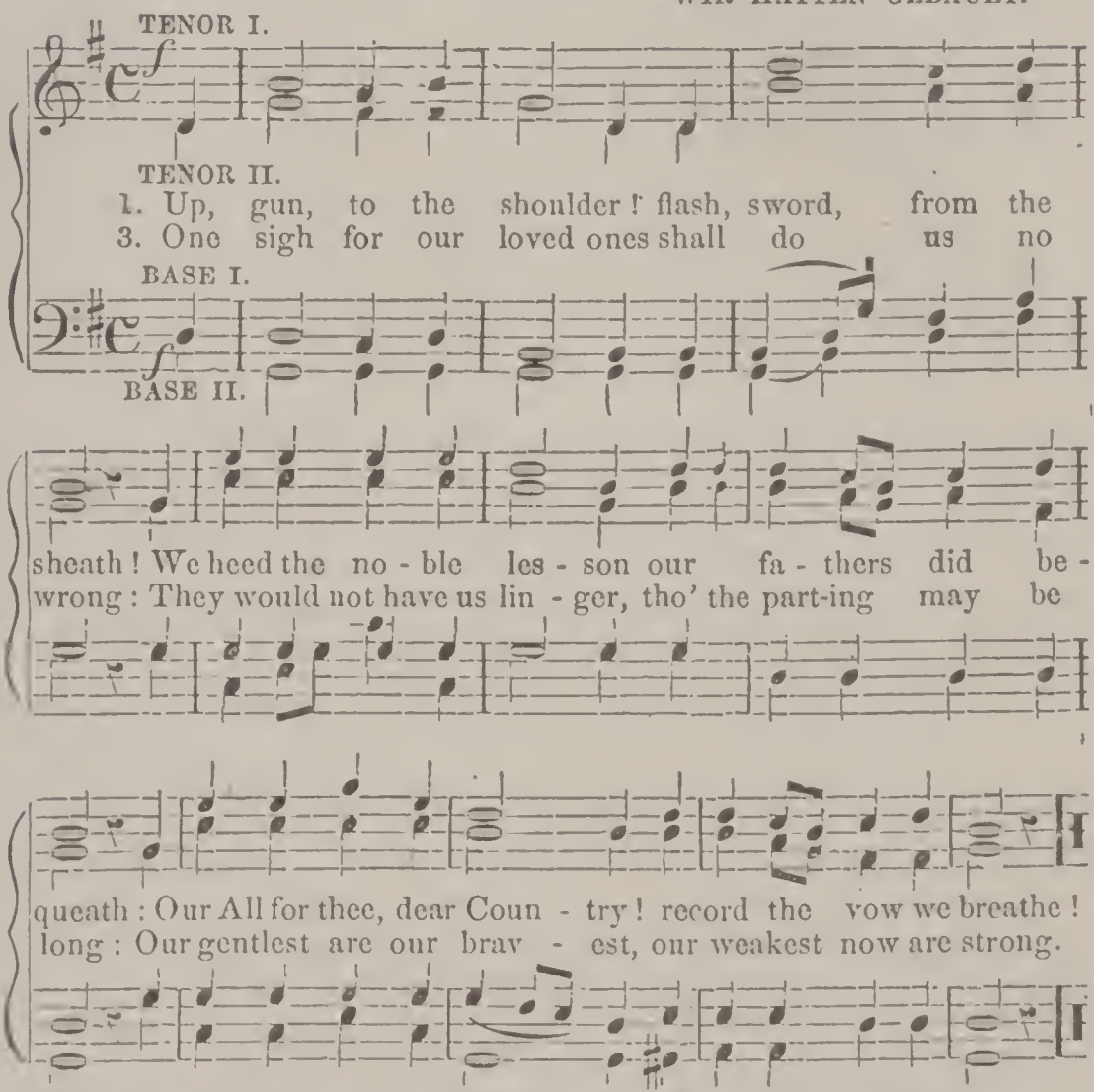
4

Our country is calling, with names that of old
Emblazoned America's story;
May those of to-day, when its tale shall be told,
Blaze with them forever in glory!
Be our banner redeemed the reward of our scars,
No scathe on its stripes, and no cloud on its stars!
CHO.—Be our banner redeemed the reward of our scars,
No scathe on its stripes, and no cloud on its stars!

F. H. HEDGE.

THE VOLUNTEER'S GOOD-BYE.

WIR HATTEN GEBAUET.



1 Up, gun, to the shoulder! flash, sword, from the sheath!
We heed the noble lesson our fathers did bequeath:
Our All for thee, dear Country! record the vow we breathe!

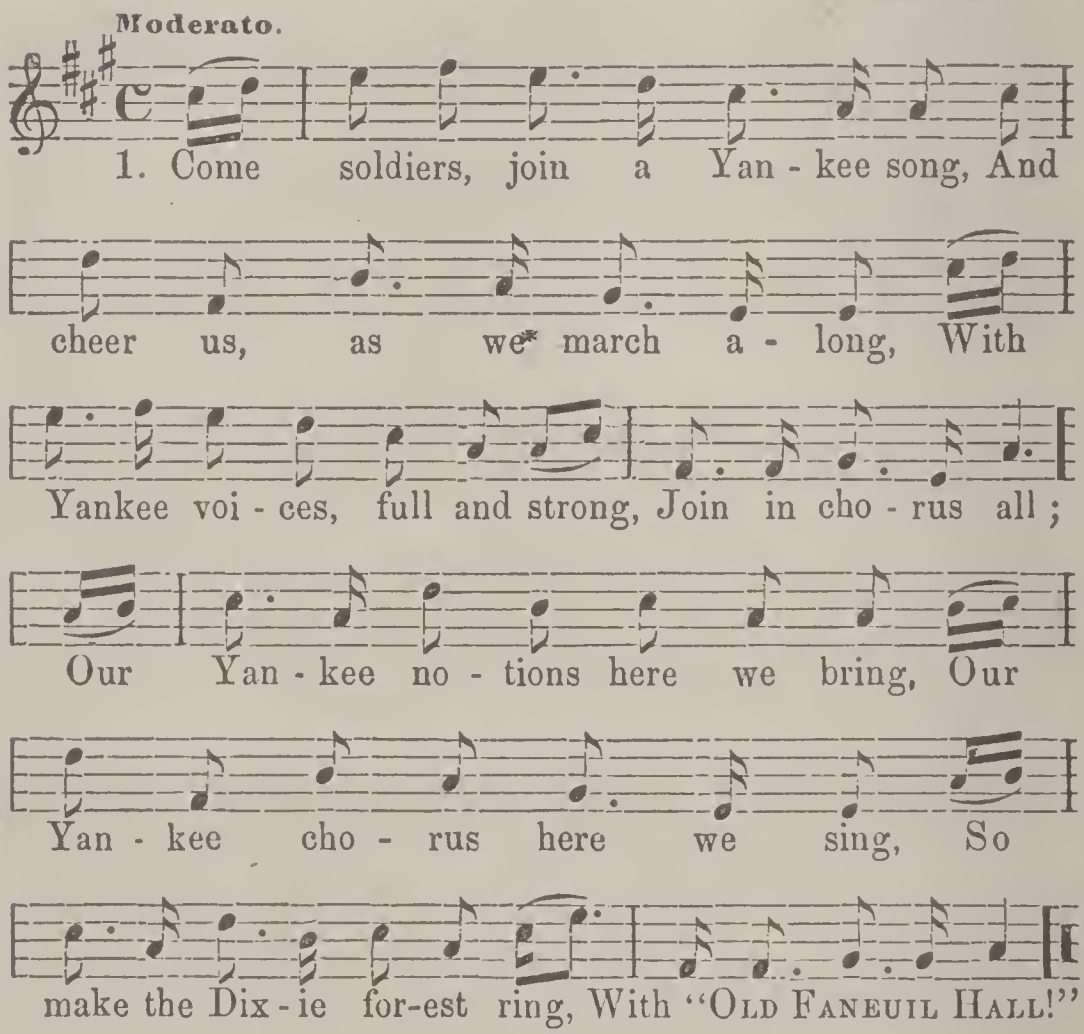
2 For Freedom we fight! if for Freedom we fall,
We shrink not and we doubt not, for God is over all:
We may not shun the battle when he has giv'n the call.

3 One sigh for our loved ones shall do us no wrong:
They would not have us linger, though the parting may be long:
Our gentlest are our bravest, our weakest now are strong.

4 Dear eyes, be ye bright when your soldiers return!
Dear homes, for good men's blessing, and your sweet praise we yearn!
Ye shall not need to blush for us, though haply ye may mourn.

OLD FANEUIL HALL!

JENNY'S BAWBEE.



1

Come soldiers, join a Yankee song,
And cheer us, as we march along,
With Yankee voices,—full and strong,
Join in chorus all;
Our Yankee notions here we bring,
Our Yankee chorus here we sing,
So make the Dixie forest ring
With "Old Faneuil Hall!"

OLD FANEUIL HALL!

2

When first our fathers made us free,
When old King George first taxed the tea,
They swore they would not bend the knee,
But armed them one and all!
In days like those the chosen spot
To keep the hissing water hot,
To pour the tea-leaves in the pot,
Was Old Faneuil Hall!

3

So when, to steal our tea and toast,
At Sumter first the rebel host
Prepared to march along the coast,
At Jeff Davis' call,
He stood on Sumter's tattered flag,
To cheer them with the game of brag,
And bade them fly his Rebel Rag
On Old Faneuil Hall!

4

But war's a game that two can play;
They waked us up that very day,
And bade the Yankees come away
Down South—at Abram's call!
And so I learned my facings right,
And so I packed my knapsack tight,
And then I spent the parting night
In Old Faneuil Hall!

5

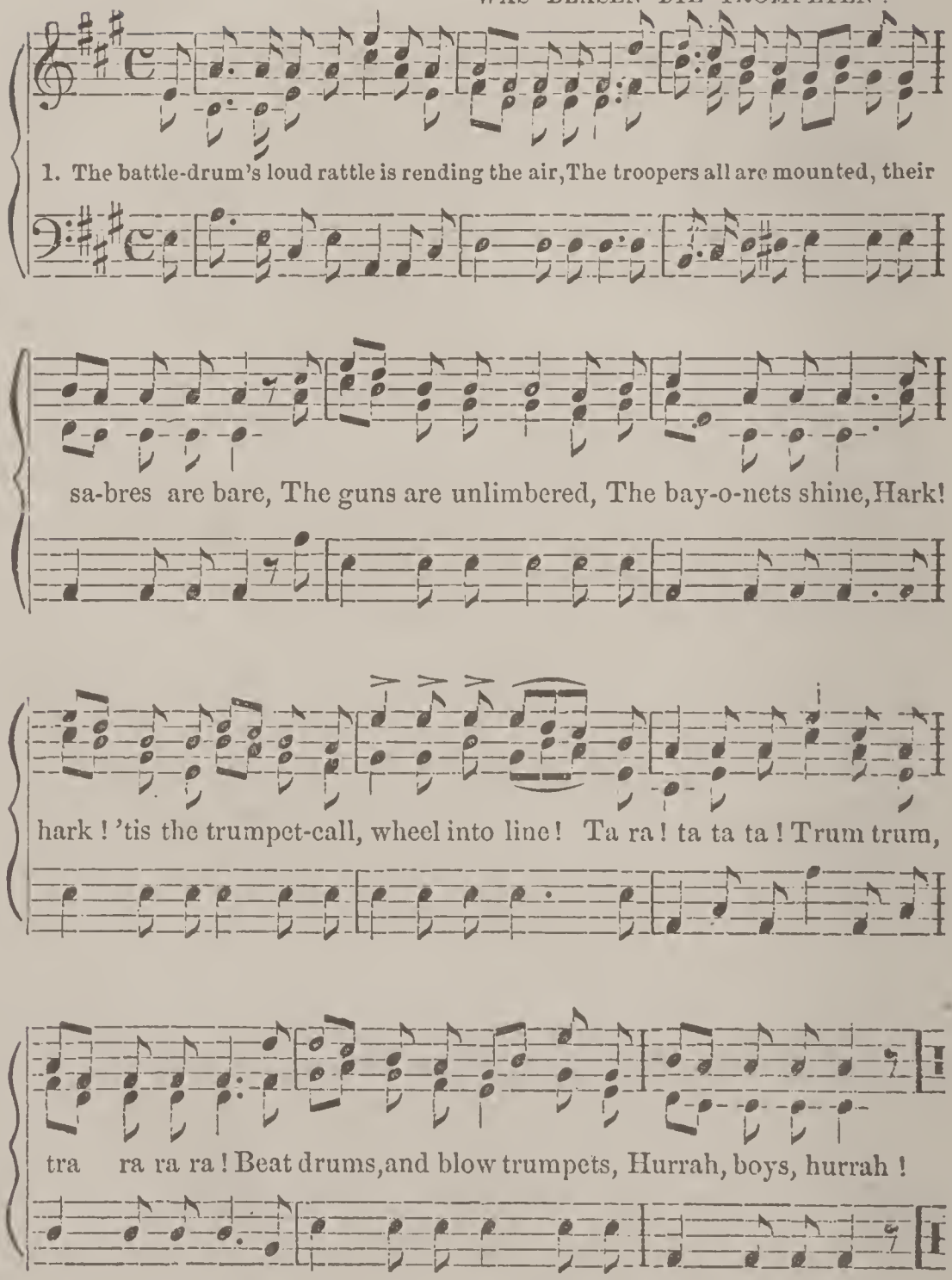
And on that day which draws so nigh,
When rebel ranks our steel shall try—
When sounds at last the closing cry
"Charge bayonets all!"
The Yankee shout from far and near,
Which broken ranks in flying hear,
Shall be a rousing Northern cheer
From Old Faneuil Hall!

E. E. HALE.

No. 16.

TRUMPET SONG.

WAS BLASEN DIE TROMPETEN?



TRUMPET SONG.

1

The battle-drum's loud rattle is rending the air,
The troopers all are mounted, their sabres are bare;
The guns are unlimbered, the bayonets shine,
Hark! hark! 'tis the trumpet-call! wheel into line!
Ta ra! ta ta ta!
Trum trum, tra ra ra ra!
Beat drums and blow trumpets!
Hurrah boys, hurrah!

2

March onward, soldiers, onward, the strife is begun,
Loud bellowing rolls the boom of the black-throated gun;
The rifles are cracking, the torn banners toss,
The sabres are clashing, the bayonets cross!
Ta ra, etc.

3

Down with the leaguing liars, the traitors to their trust,
Who trampled the fair charter of Freedom in dust!
They falter, they waver, they scatter, they run,
The field is our own, and the battle is won!
Ta ra, etc.

4

God save our mighty people, and prosper our cause!
We're fighting for our nation, our land, and our laws!
Though tyrants may hate us, their threats we defy,
And drum-beat and trumpet shall peal our reply!
Ta ra, etc.

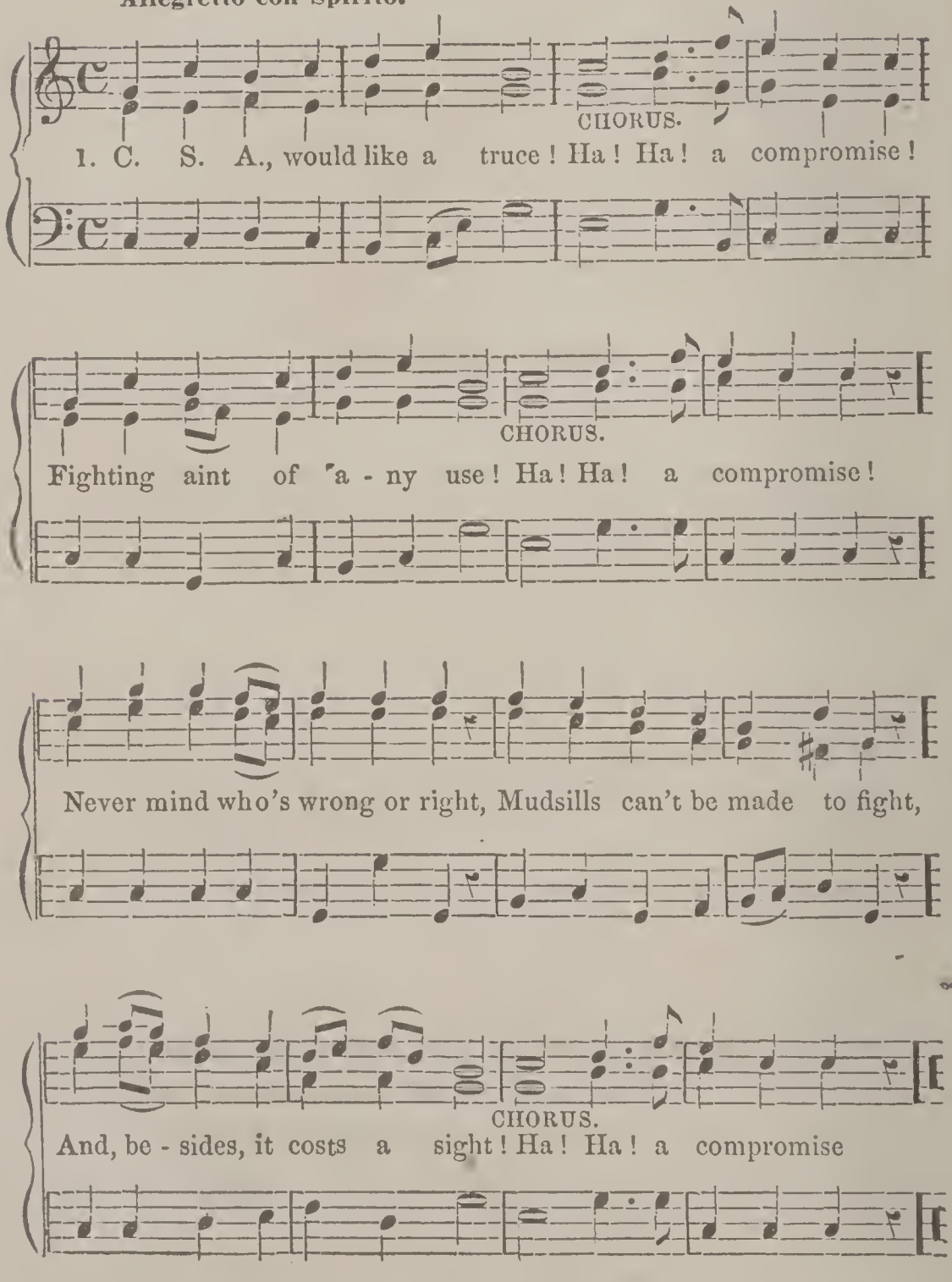
O. W. HOLMES.

No. 17.

A COMPROMISE.

Allegretto con Spirito.

DUNCAN GRAY.



A COMPROMISE.

1

C. S. A., would like a truce!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Fighting aint of any use!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Never mind who's wrong or right,
Mudsills can't be made to fight,
And, besides, it costs a sight!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!

2

Neutral Bull says, "my advice,"
Ha! Ha! the neutral Bull!
"Is to patch it all up nice,"
Ha! Ha! the neutral Bull!
"Let your wayward sisters go,
I'm your friend that tells ye so,
Love ye just as fire loves tow!"
Ha! Ha! the neutral Bull!

3

Guess we'd better fix it so,
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Gulp our shame and let'em go,
Ha! Ha! a compromise.
Let's own up that we're afraid,
That for ruling they were made,
We to lick their boots and trade!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!

A COMPROMISE.

4

Shame on hopes of patching peace,
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
With such bloody knaves as these!
Ha! Ha! etc.
Traitors have no right to hope
Any peace beneath heaven's cope,
Till they dangle from a rope!
Ha! Ha! etc.

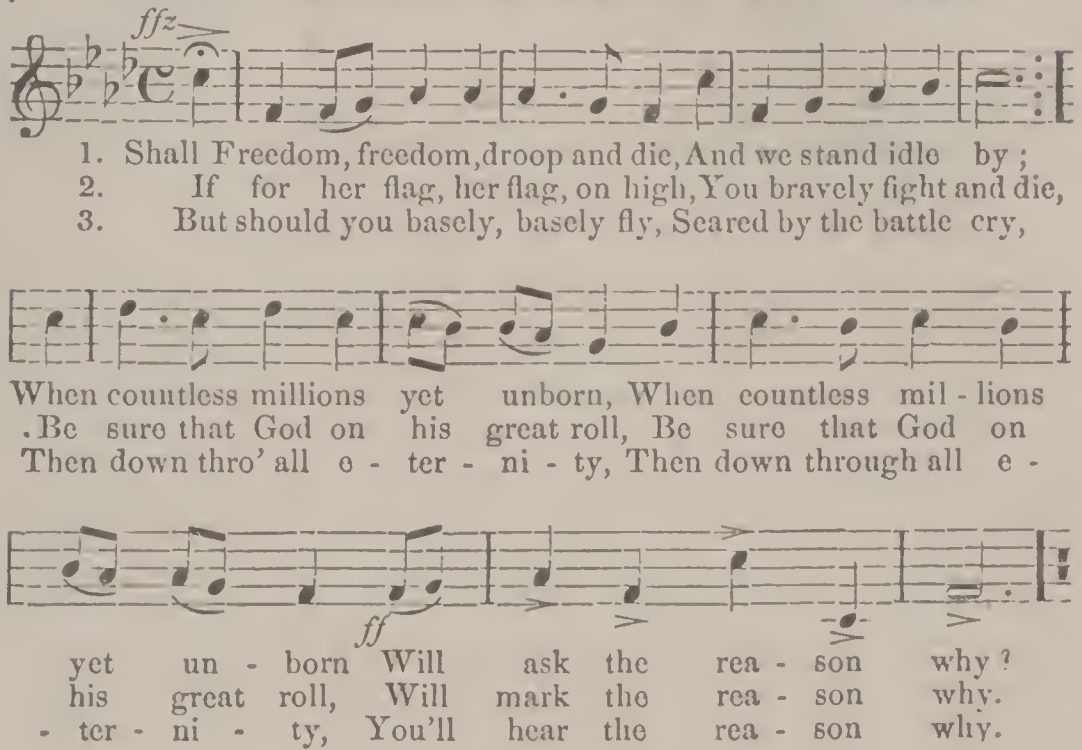
5

Give us back the tears we've shed,
Ha! Ha! etc.
Our gallant boys, untimely dead!
Ha! Ha! etc.
Give us back the pangs you've cost,
Give us back our grandeur lost,
Futures by your treason crossed!
Ha! Ha! etc.

6

Give'em empire? give'em bricks!
Ha! Ha! etc.
To the tune of Seventy-six!
Ha! Ha! etc.
Give'em shot and give'em shell,
Drive your bayonets homeward well,
That's the compromise with hell!
Ha! Ha! etc.

SHALL FREEDOM DROOP AND DIE?



1

Shall Freedom droop and die,
And we stand idle by,
When countless millions yet unborn
Will ask the reason why?

2

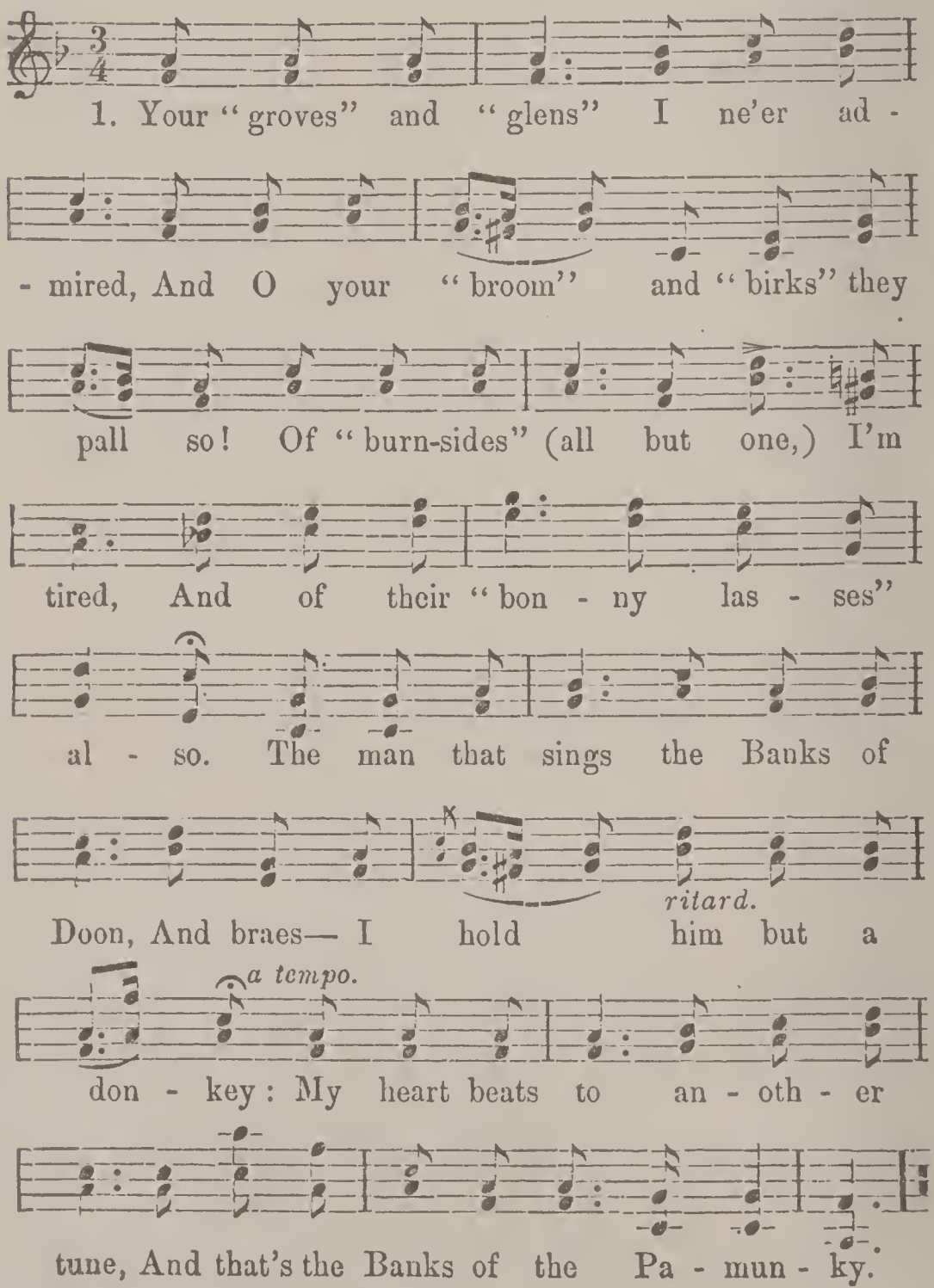
If for her flag on high
You bravely fight and die,
Be sure that God, on his great roll,
Will mark the reason why.

3

But should you basely fly,
Seared by the battle cry,
Then down through all eternity
You'll hear the reason why.

C. G. IRELAND.

THE LASS OF THE PAMUNKY.



THE LASS OF THE PAMUNKY.

1

Your "glens" and "groves" I ne'er admired,
And O your "broom" and "birks," they pall so!
Of Burn-sides (all but one) I 'm tired,
And of your "bonny lasses" also.
The man that sings the "Banks of Doon," —
And braes, — I hold him but a donkey;
My heart beats to another tune,
And that 's the Banks of the Pamunky.

2

For that famed "Lass of Pattie's Mill"
I would n't give one nickel penny;
Of "Nannies" we 've quite had our fill,
Of "Peggies" and of "Jessies" many.
Ditto the "Lass of Ballochmyle,"
All set so tediously to one key;
Suppose we try a different style,
And sing the Lass of the Pamunky!

3

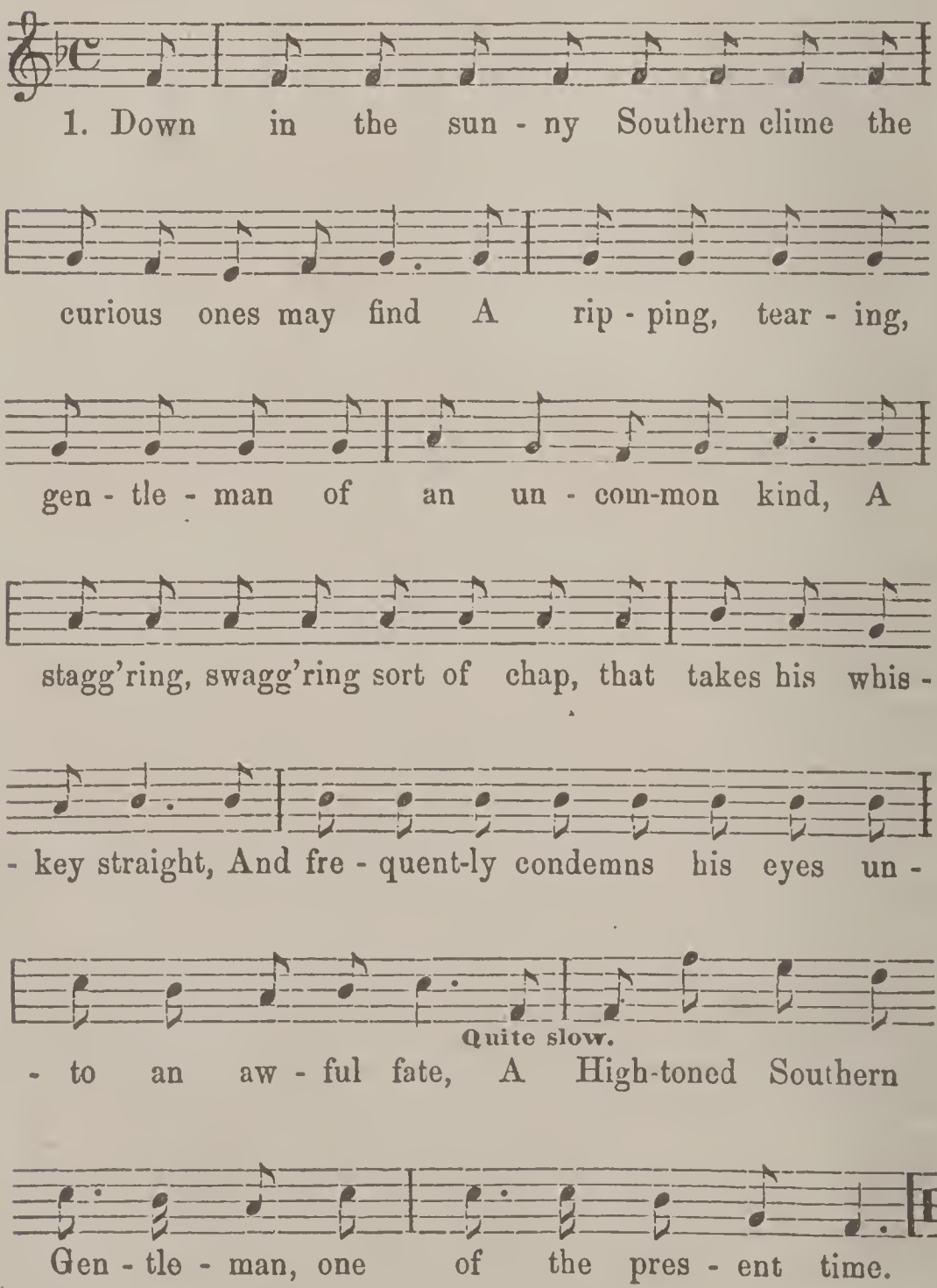
Then sing no more the "Banks of Cree,"
Or "Afton's," green and softly rounded,
But sing the steamer on the P———,
Where they took me when I was wounded.
And sing the maiden kind and true,
Trim, handy, quiet, sweet, and spunky,
That nursed me, and made no ado,
When I lay sick on the Pamunky.

4

Fair hands! but not too nice or coy
To soothe my pangs with service tender;
Soft eyes! that watched a wasted boy,
All loving, as your land's defender! —
O, I was then a wretched shade,
But now I 'm strong, and growing chunky,
So Forward! and God bless the maid
That saved my life on the Pamunky!

F. J. CHILD.

THE HIGH-TONED SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.



THE HIGH-TONED SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.

[The words in italics are to be *spoken*, or given in *recitative*.]

1

Down in the sunny Southern clime the curious ones may find
A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind, —
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap, who takes his whiskey straight,
And frequently condemns his eyes unto an awful fate, —
A "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the present time.

2

He always wears a full dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,
With waistcoat of the broadest style, through which his ruffles jut;
Six breast-pins deck his horrid front, and on his fingers shine
Whole invoices of diamond rings, *which would hardly pass muster with the Original Jacobs in Chatham Street*
for jewels genuine;
This "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the present time.

3

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful hand,
Especially when those he tricks his style don't understand,
And if he wins, why then he stops to pocket all the stakes,
But if he loses, then he says *to the unfortunate stranger who had chanced to win, "It 's my opinion you are a cursed Abolitionist, and if you don't leave these parts in an hour, you 'll be hung like a dog!" but no offer*
to pay his losses makes;
This "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the present time.

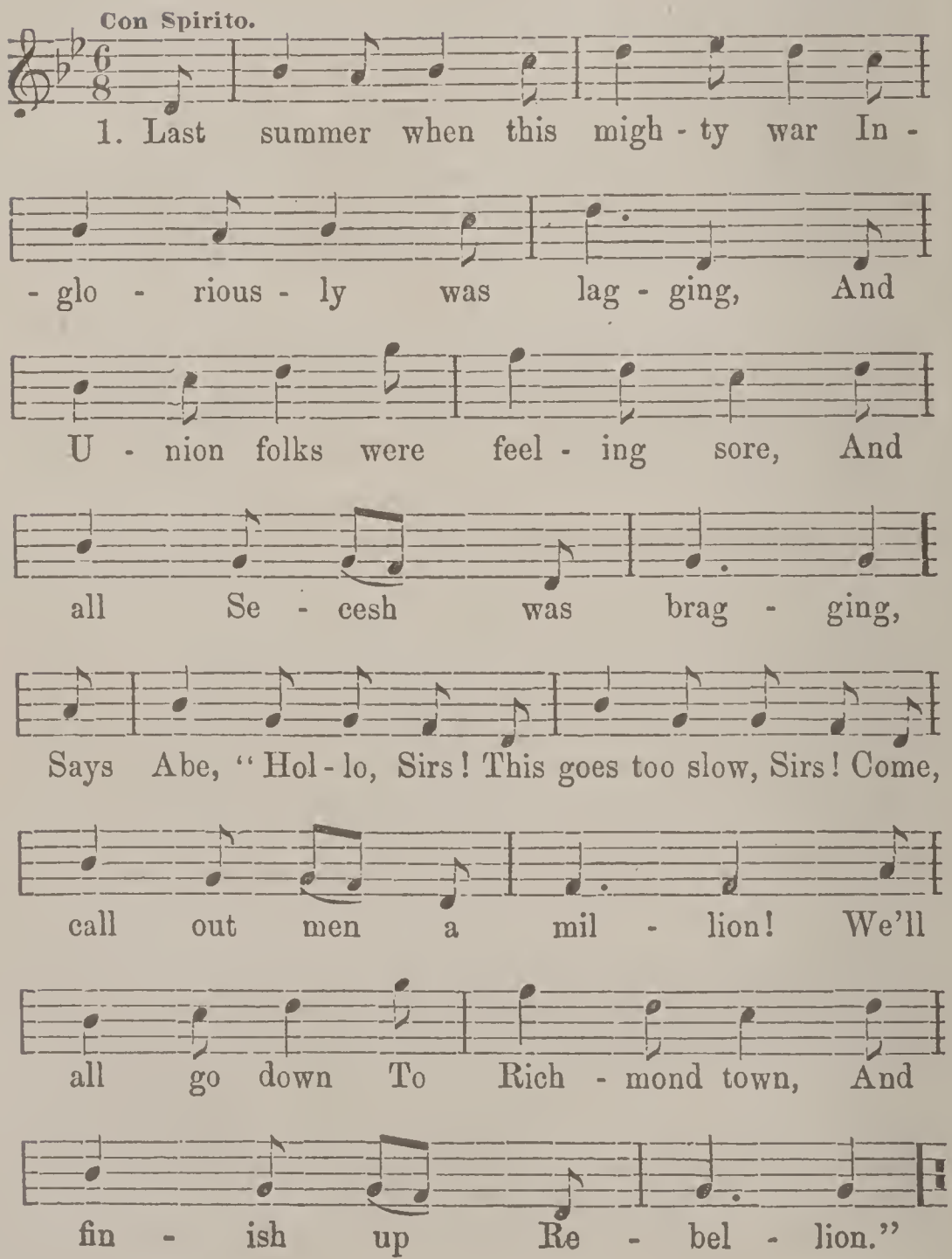
4

Of course he 's all the time in debt to those who credit give,
Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live;
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,
This honorable gentleman *instantly draws his bowie-knife and pistols, dons a blue cockade, and declares that, in consequence of the repeated aggressions of the North, and its gross violations of the Constitution, he feels that it would utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever, and that in fact he has at last* determined to SECEDE!
This "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the present time.*

* The unknown Author is requested to excuse a few trifling changes.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.



THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

1

Last summer, when this mighty war
Ingloriously was lagging,
And Union folks were feeling sore,
And all Secesh was bragging,
Says Abe, "Hollo, Sirs! This goes too slow, Sirs!
Come, call out men a million!
We 'll all go down to Richmond town,
And finish up rebellion."

2

Then Judah Baker, up in Maine,
Says, "You be off, my five boys!
Go set the Union up again,
Or don't come back alive, boys!"
From Maine to Kansas the nation answers,
From Michigan to Missouri;
Impending shame fans high the flame,
And fills the land with fury.

3

New Hampshire sends six Sanborn lads,
With them Brown Brothers seven;
The Twomblys brave, the sons and dads,
Of six and five make 'leven.
The Granite-Staters, they brook no traitors,
No more will Minnesota;
Connecticut remembers Put,
And hurries up her quota.

4

Vermont won't stop to hum and haw,
Be sure her men turn out well!
"My six sons and my son-in-law
I 'll send," says Mrs. Bontwell.
New York, Ohio a glorious trio
Make up with Pennsylvania;
"My Maryland" with them strikes hand
To cure the Rebel mania.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

5

Five Kays, five Cookes, five Hodgdons rush
To speak for Massachusetts;
For her the grandsires shall not blush,
Like them she 's still a few sets.
"Come out!" says Rhody, "come everybody!"
She 's little, but she 's plucky;
The Jersey Blues no time will lose,
Nor lingers old Kentucky.

6

Dame Upright, out in Illinois, —
The Suckers, what can daunt them! —
Says, "Abe, here 's my eight oldest boys;
I 've three more when you want them."
Half Indiana flocks to the banner,
And Delaware is not tardy;
And Iowa sends to the fray
Her trappers keen and hardy.

7

Wisconsin sure is pretty far;
She 's with the earliest comers!
To make things perpendicular
She sends her seven Plummers.
And wild Nebraska if you should ask her
To stay at home, would scorn ye;
And all the gold e'er mined or told
Can't hold back Californy.

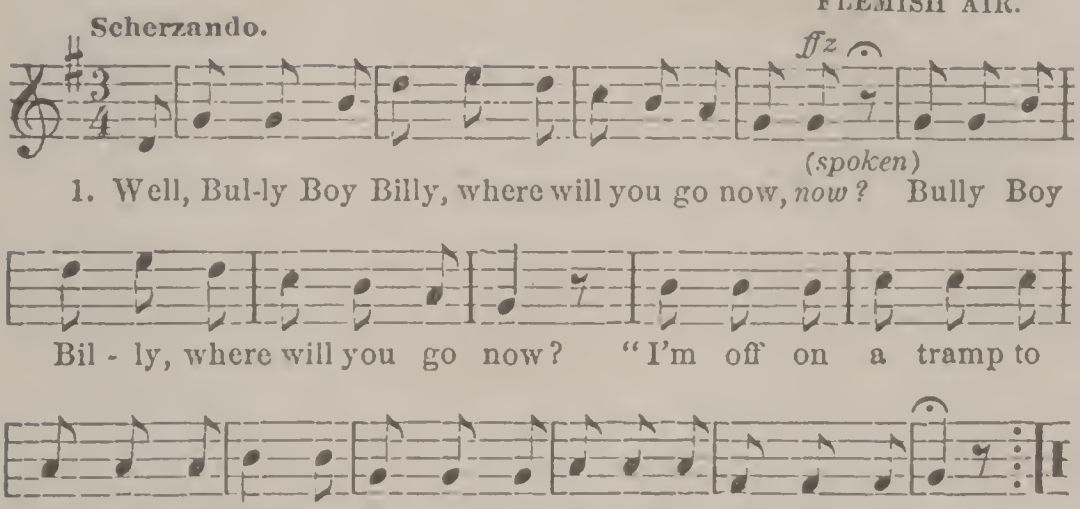
8

'T was thus Columbia's sons arose,
When Abram sounded danger;
And thus they aye will meet her foes,
The TRAITOR or the STRANGER!
So true and steady, they 're always ready
To go where she will lead 'em;
Let her but call, and one and all,
They 'll give their lives for Freedom! *

* A few of many families who have given a large number of soldiers to the Union army are commemorated in the above lines. Almost any reader will remember other instances equally or more striking.

BULLY BOY, BILLY.

FLEMISH AIR.



1

Well, Bully Boy Billy, where will you go now, *now?*
Bully Boy Billy, where will you go now?
"I'm off on a tramp, to the soldiers in camp,"—
Hop-sa-sa, fal-ha-la, Bully for you!

2

Well, Bully Boy Billy, what will you do there, *there?*
Bully Boy Billy, what will you do there?—
"I'll join them and fight, for *I* know what's right,"—
Hop-sa-sa, fal-ha-la, Bully for you!

3

Well, Bully Boy Billy, come tell us what's right, *right!*
Bully Boy Billy, come tell us what's right!
"To fight like a man, for the Union's the plan,"—
Hop-sa sa, fal-ha-la, Bully for U — (N. I. O. N. too!)

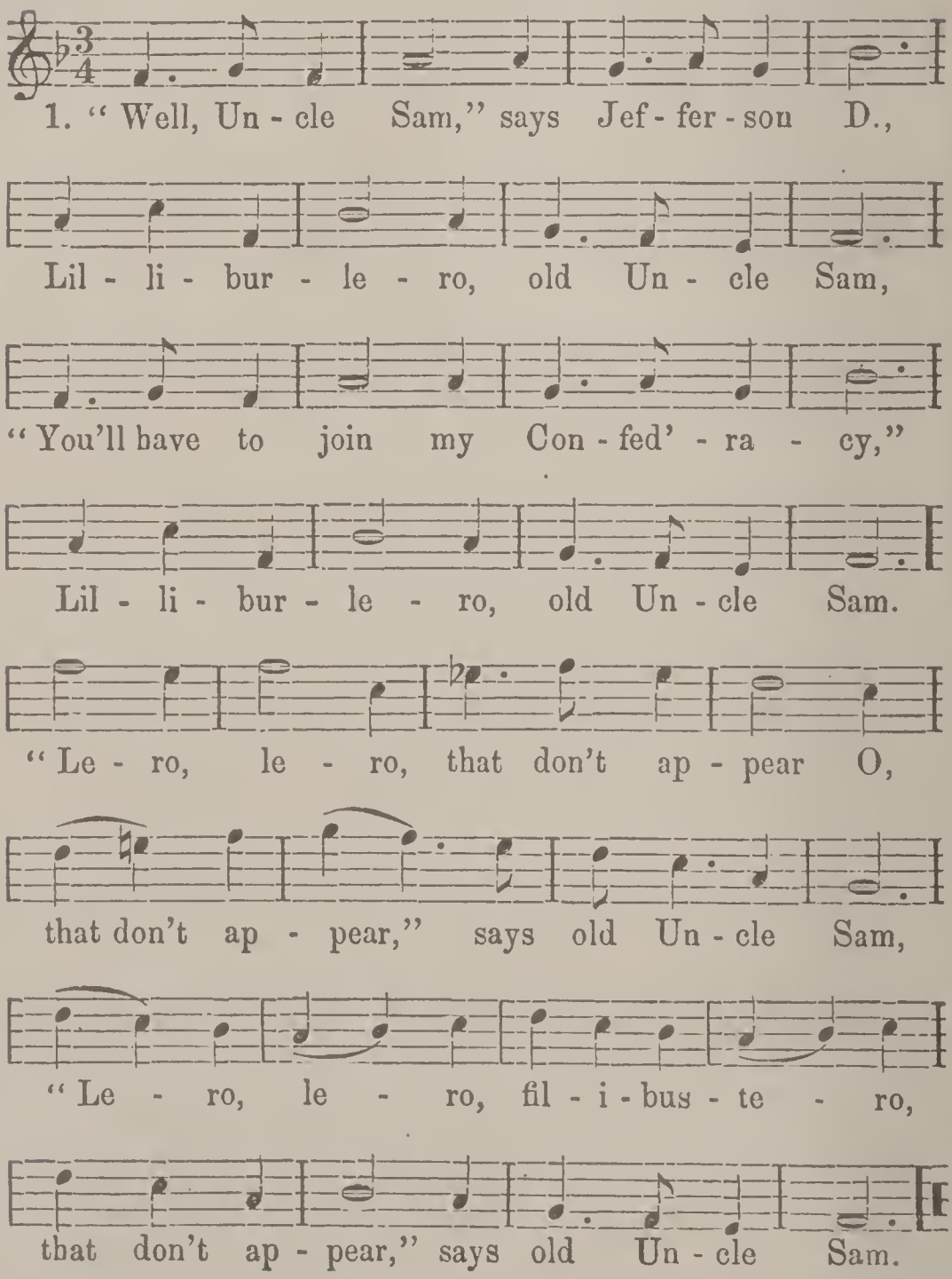
4

Well, Bully Boy Billy, come count us in too, *too!*
Bully Boy Billy, come count us in too!
The rebellion we 'll quell, — send Jeff Davis to — well!
Hop-sa-sa, fal-ha-la, Bully for U — (N. I. O. N. too!")

HENRY P. LELAND.

OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND.

(A NEW LILLIBURLERO.)



OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND

A NEW LILLIBURLERO.

1

"Well, Uncle Sam," says Jefferson D.,
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,
"You 'll have to join my Confed'racy,"
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.
"Lero, lero, that don't appear O, that don't appear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that don't appear," says old Uncle Sam.

2

"So, Uncle Sam, just lay down your arms,
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Then you shall hear my reas'nable terms,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, I 'd like to hear O, I 'd like to hear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, I 'd like to hear," says old Uncle Sam.

3

"First, you must own I 've beat you in fight,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Then, that I always have been in the right,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, rather severe O, rather severe," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, rather severe," says old Uncle Sam.

4

"Then, you must pay my national debts,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"No questions asked about my assets,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that 's very dear O, that 's very dear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that 's very dear," says old Uncle Sam.

5

"Also, some few C. O. D.s and bets,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Mine, and Bob Toombs', and Slidell's, and Rhett's,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that leaves me zero, that leaves me zero," says Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that leaves me zero," says Uncle Sam.

OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND.

6

"And, by the way, one little thing more,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"You 're to refund the costs of the war,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, just what I fear O, just what I fear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, just what I fear," says old Uncle Sam.

7

"Next, you must own our Cavalier blood!"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"And that your Puritans sprang from the mud!"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that mud is clear O, that mud is clear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that mud is clear," says old Uncle Sam.

8

"Slavery 's, of course, the chief corner-stone,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Of our NEW CIV-IL-I-ZA-TI-ON!"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that 's quite sincere O, that 's quite sincere," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that 's quite sincere," says old Uncle Sam.

9

"You 'll understand, my recreant tool,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"You 're to submit, and we are to rule,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, are n't you a hero! are n't you a hero!" says Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, are n't you a hero!" says Uncle Sam.

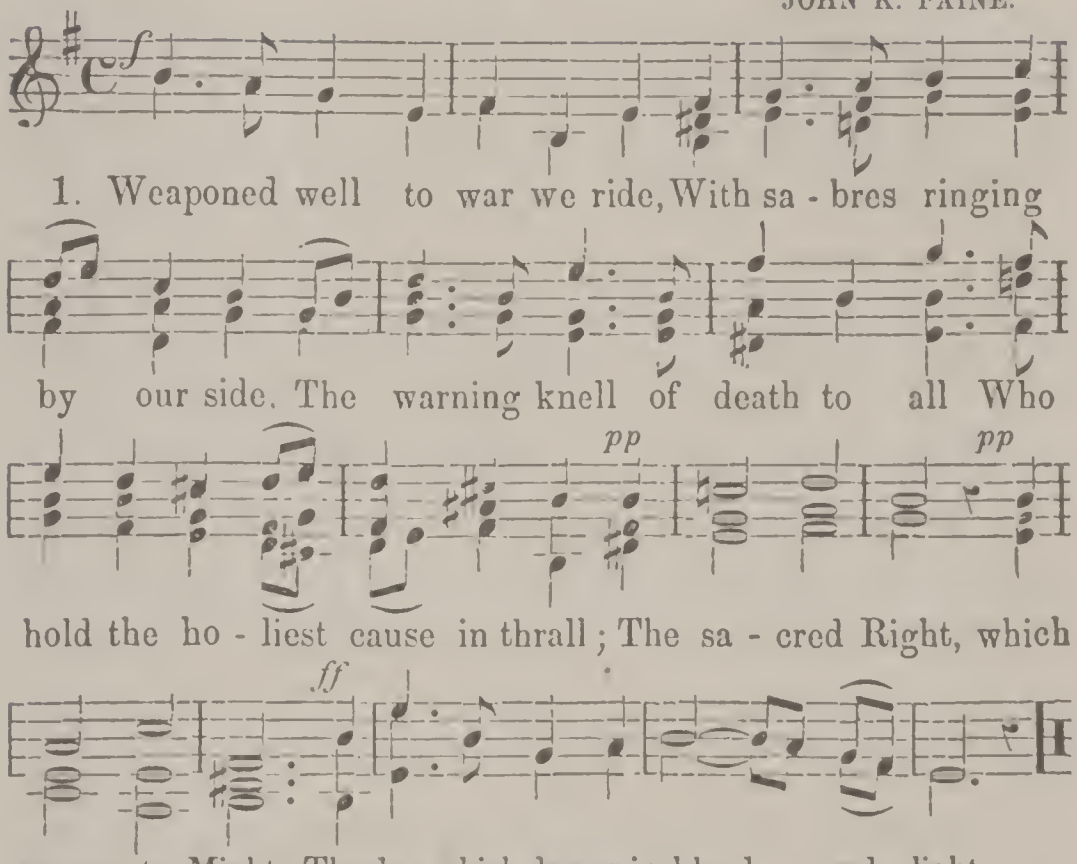
10

"If to these terms you fully consent,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"I 'll be Perpetual King-President,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, take your sombrero, off to your swamps!" says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, cut, double-quick!" says old Uncle Sam.

F. J. CHILD.

CAVALRY SONG.

JOHN K. PAINE.



1

Weaponed well to war we ride,
With sabres ringing by our side,—
The warning knell of death to all
Who hold the holiest cause in thrall;
The sacred Right which grows to Might,
The day which dawns in blood-red light.

2

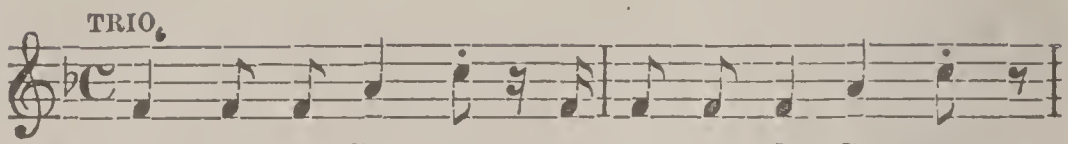
Weaponed well to war we ride,
To conquer, tide what may betide;
For never yet beneath the sun
Was battle by the devil won:
For what to thee defeat may be,
Time makes a glorious victory.

3

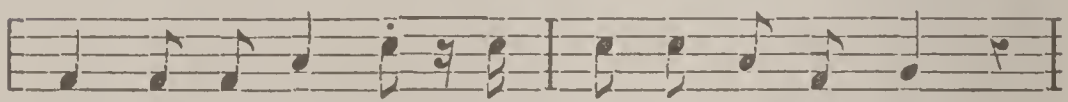
Weaponed well to war we ride;
Who braves the battle wins the bride;
Who dies the death for truth shall be
Alive in love eternally:
Though dead he lies, soft starry eyes
Smile hope to him from purple skies.

C. G. LELAND.

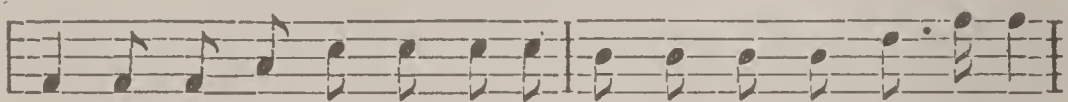
I'LL BE A SERGEANT.



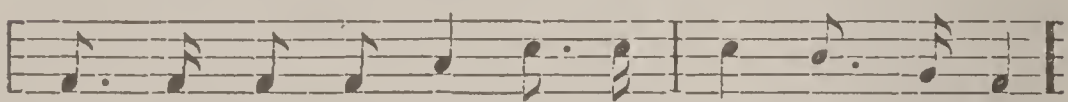
1. I'll be a Sergeant, An *or-der-ly* Sergeant,



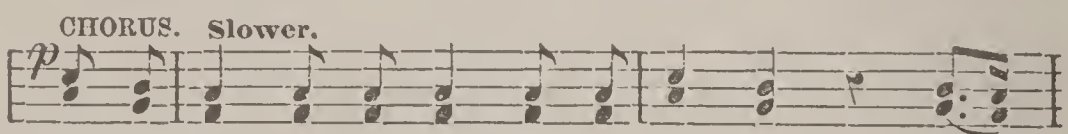
I'll be a Sergeant, on that just bet your life;



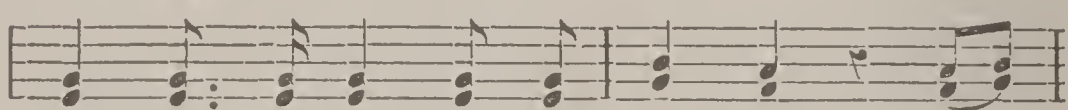
I'll make the boys so sick of drilling on the double quick,



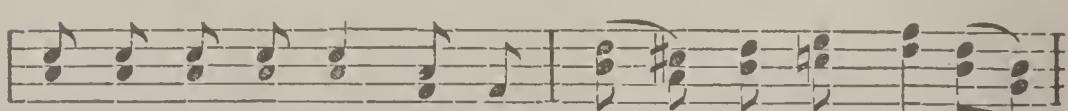
They'll be glad to turn in, To dream of a wife.



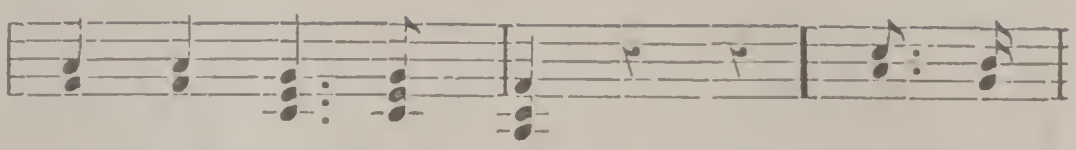
For the girls they must love and a-dore us, Who



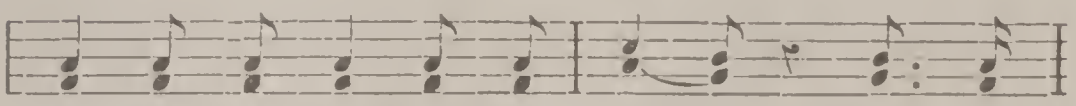
fight for the coun-try that bore us, And



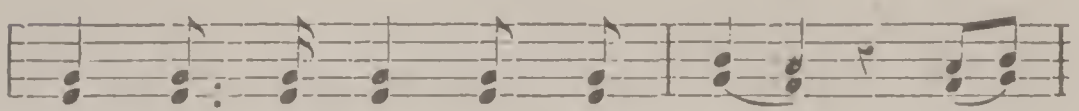
hap-py shall we be, if they kiss you and me, When



we come march-ing home. March-ing

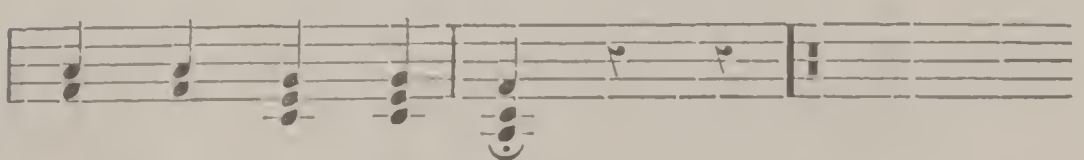


home, marching home, marching home, Marching



home to the roll of the drum, When

peace shall call us back from the camp and biv - ou - ac, And the



drum taps "marching home."

I 'LL BE A SERGEANT.

1

I 'll be a Sergeant, an orderly Sergeant,
I 'll be a Sergeant, on that just bet your life ;
I 'll make the boys so sick
Of drilling at the double quick,
They 'll be glad to turn in, to dream of a wife.
For the girls, they must love and adore us,
Who fight for the country that bore us,
And happy shall we be
If they kiss you and me,
When we come marching home !
Marching home, marching home, marching home,
Marching home to the roll of the drum,
And when the battle 's o'er
We 'll repay them by the score,
When the drum taps, " Marching home ! "

2

She sha'n't be Cap'n, that must not happen,
She sha'n't be Cap'n, but play the second fife ;
We can bear the colors best,
She shall wear them on her breast,
Salute us, and " dress," and in short be our wife.
For the girls, they must love and adore us, etc.

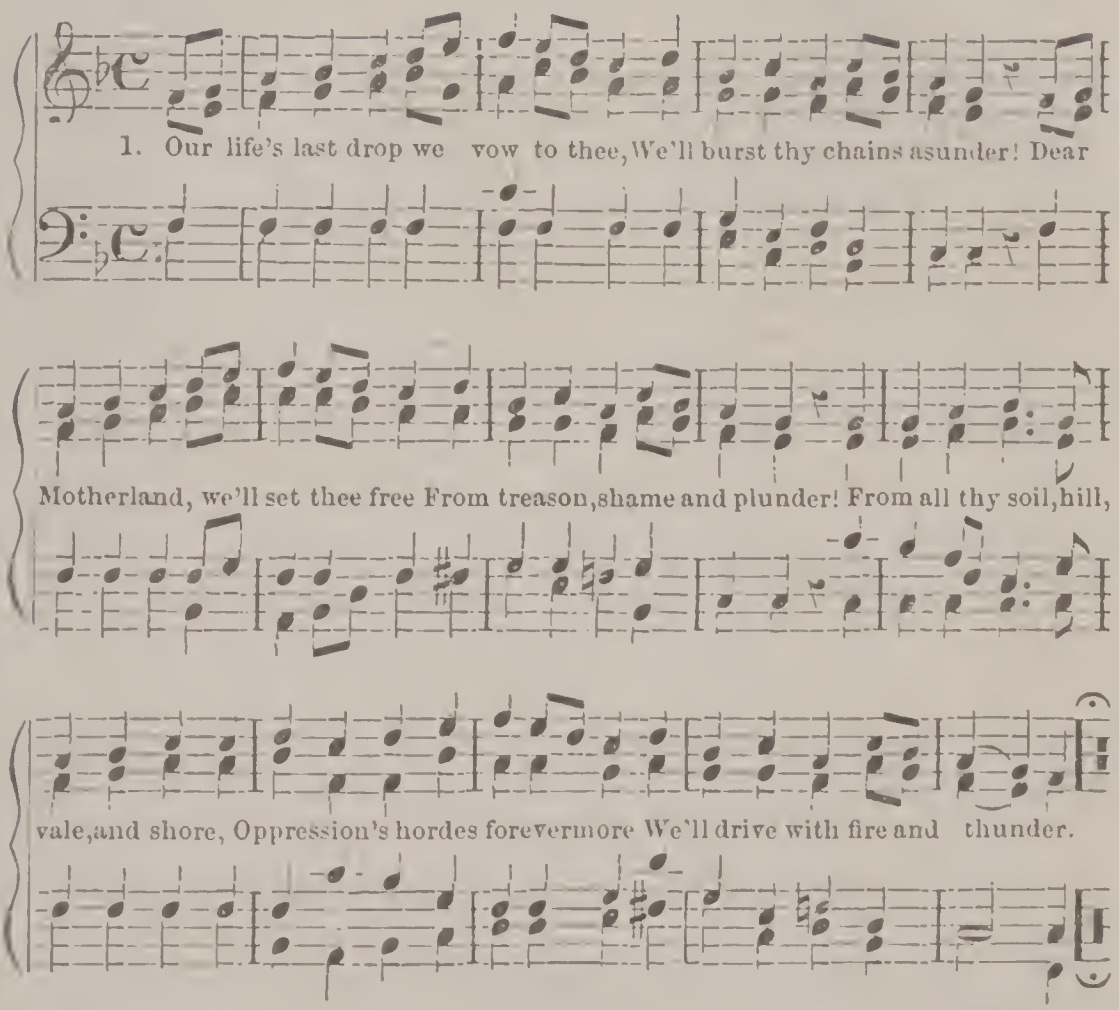
3

Should I be Col'nel, gazetted in the Journal,
O, should I be Col'nel, to lead in the strife,
For *her* sake, so proud I 'd be,
And let ev'ry rebel see,
How a man can fight for his flag and a wife !
For, dear girls ! we soldiers adore you ;
Make us brave through your love, we implore you !
Then happy shall we be
To bend the suppliant knee,
When we come marching home.
Marching home, marching home, marching home,
Marching home to the roll of the drum.
Then, freed from war 's alarms,
To you we 'll yield our arms,
When the drum taps, " Marching Home ! "

H. A. W.

THE VOW.

ES SEY MEIN HERZ.



1

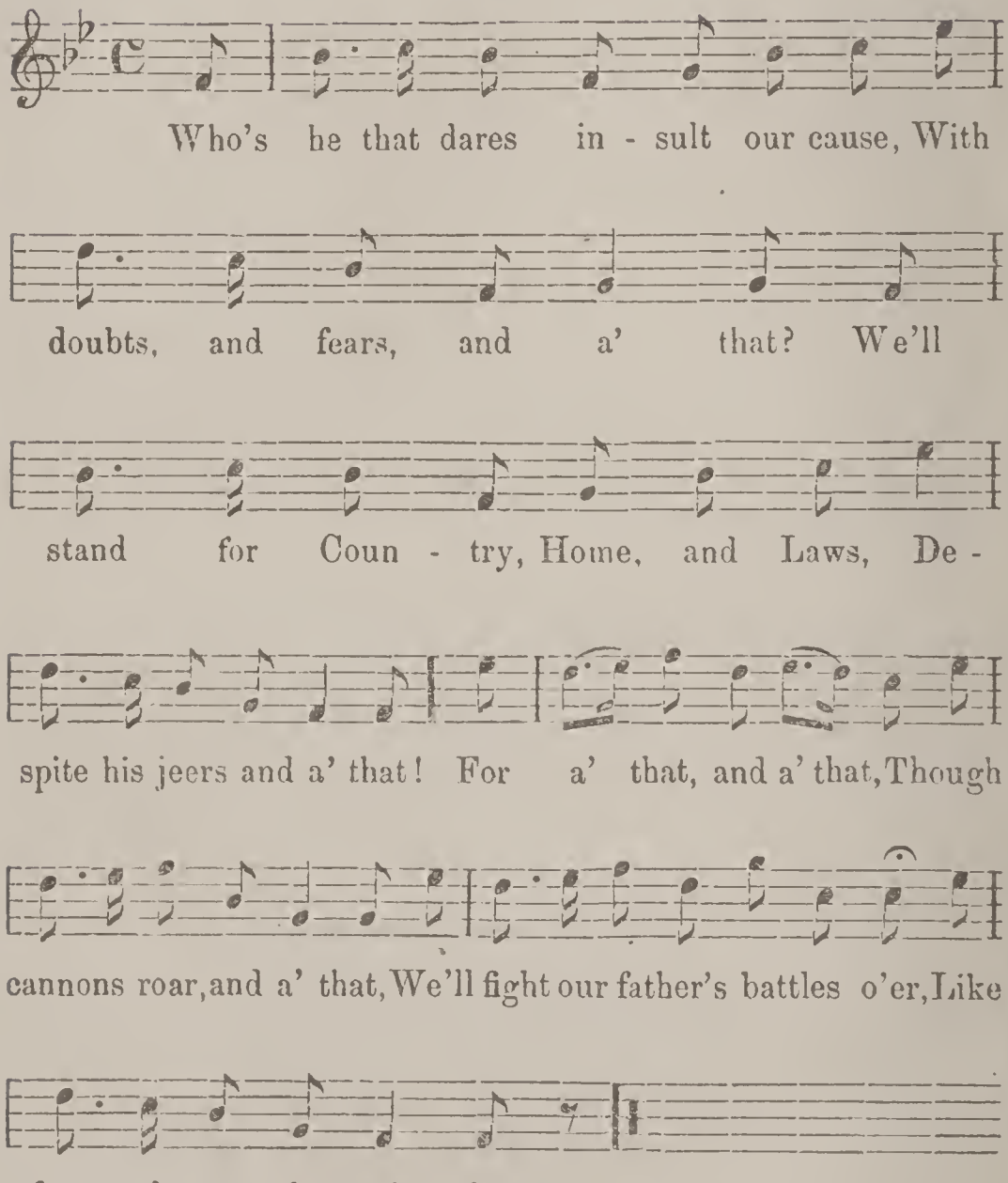
Our life's last drop we vow to thee,
  We'll burst thy chains asunder!
Dear Motherland, we'll set thee free
  From treason, shame, and plunder!
From all thy soil,—hill, vale, and shore,—
Oppression's hordes forevermore
  We'll drive with fire and thunder.

2

The die is cast—we will not quail,
  Whatever fate hangs o'er us;
For TRUTH IS GREAT, AND SHALL PREVAIL,
  And Freedom goes before us.
Where brothers lie, we too may lie,
Yet shall our souls ascending cry,
  "We've saved the land that bore us!"

C. T. BROOKS. (After FR. SCHLEGEL.)

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.



FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

1

Who 's he that dares insult our cause
With doubts, and fears, and a' that ?
We 'll stand for Country, Home, and Laws,
Despite his jeers, and a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Though cannons roar, and a' that,
We 'll fight our fathers' battles o'er
Like freemen's sons, for a' that !

2

The stars that rose in murky sky, —
Yet struggled through, for a' that, —
Shall take again their place on high
In field of blue, for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Through treason, wars, and a' that,
They still shall be the polar stars
And never set, for a' that !

3

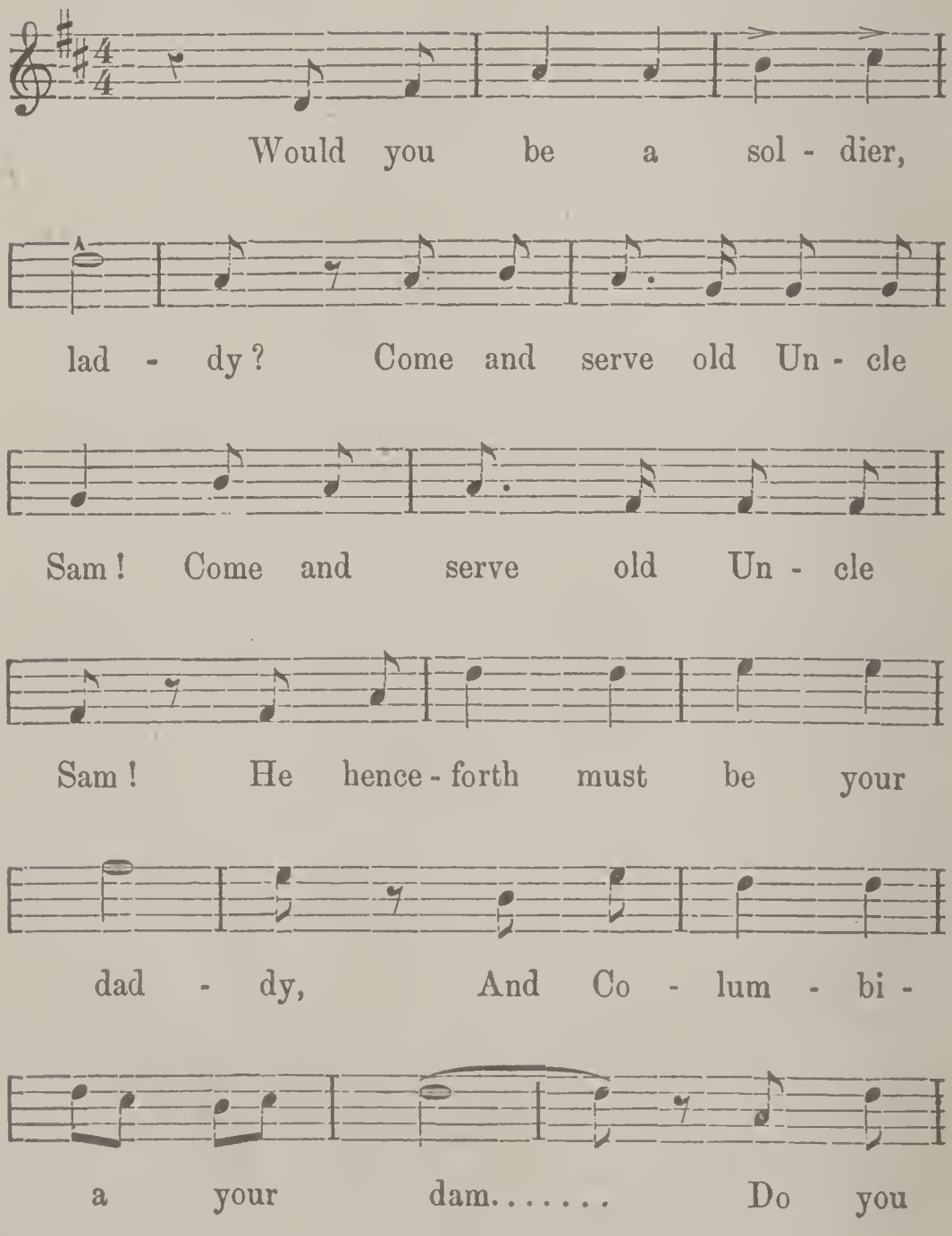
And not for us alone their light ;
They 'll shine for more than a' that ;
For all who wrestle for the Right,
In bondage sore and a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
For wrongs, and woes, and a' that ;
And earth shall shout amidst her throes
For man's new-birth, and a' that !

4

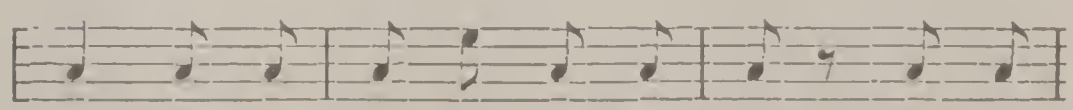
Then, comrades, form th' electric chain
With heart and hand, and a' that ;
The spark we strike shall pass amain
Through ev'ry land, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
With flag unfurled, and a' that,
The standard-bearers of the world,
We 'll free mankind for a' that !

WOULD YOU BE A SOLDIER, LADDY?

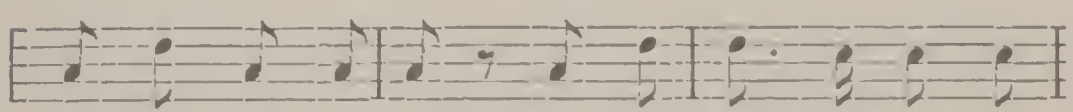
Allegretto.



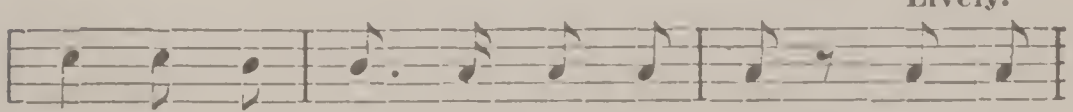
like salt horse and beans? Do you know what hard-tack



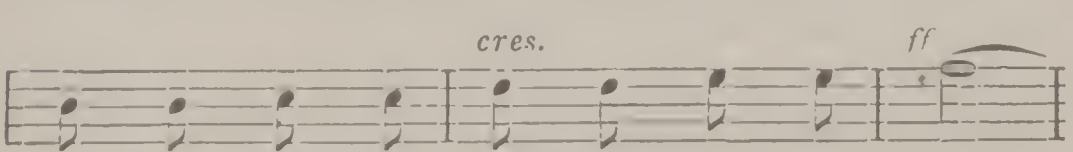
means? Jol - ly hard-tack, tack, tack, tack; That's the



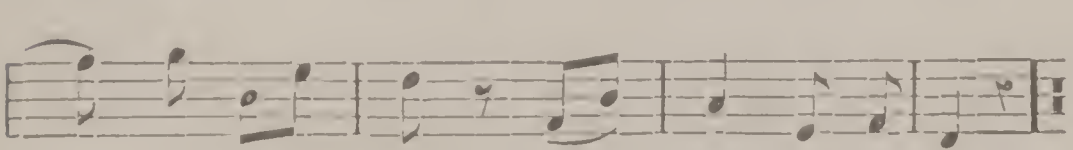
stuff you have to crack: Do you like salt horse and



beans? Do you know what hard tack means? That's the



jol - ly stuff we sol - diers have to crack,



..... hard - tack, hard - tack, and hard-tack.

WOULD YOU BE A SOLDIER, LADDY?

1

Would you be a soldier, laddy?
Come and serve old Uncle Sam!
He henceforth must be your daddy,
And Columbia your dam.
Do you like salt-horse and beans?
Do you know what hard-tack means? —
Jolly hard-tack, tack, tack, tack,
That 's the stuff you have to crack;
Do you like salt-horse and beans?
Do you know what hard-tack means?
That 's the jolly stuff we soldiers have to crack,
Hard-tack, hard-tack, and hard-tack!

2

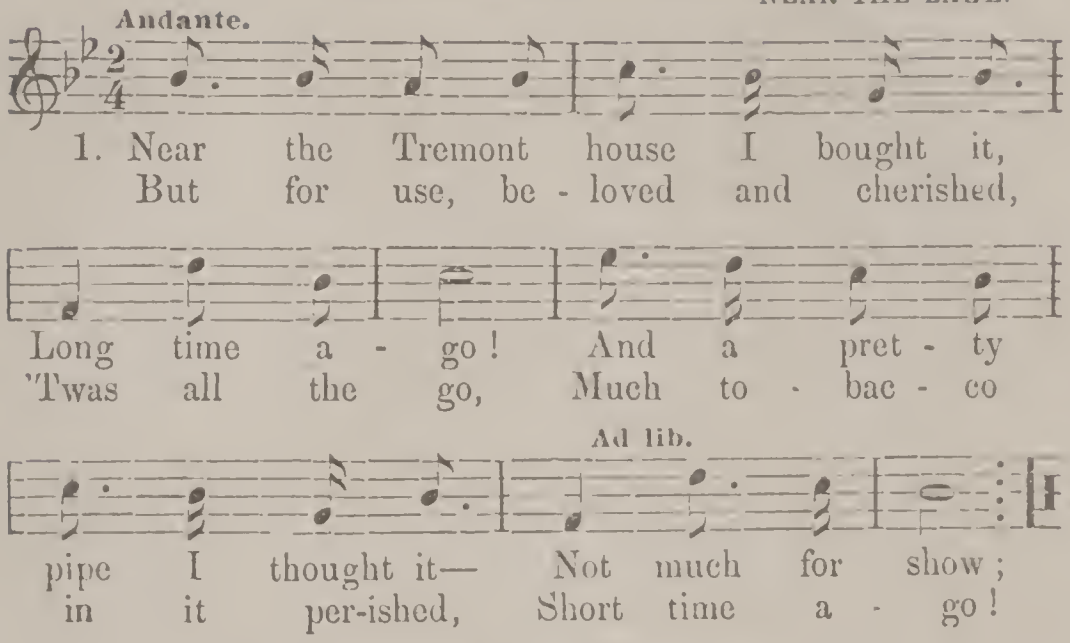
Do you want to be a soldier?
Now 's the time to put in play
What your good old granny told you
Of the Revolution day!
What had their brave jaws to chew?
Sometimes nothing, — what have you?
Jolly hard-tack, tack, tack, tack,
That 's the stuff you have to crack;
What had their brave jaws to chew?
Sometimes nothing, — what have you?
What 's the jolly stuff we soldiers have to crack?
Hard-tack, hard-tack, and hard-tack!

3

Want to be a soldier, do you?
You must march through swamp and sludge,
And, though balls go through and through you,
Blaze away, and never budge!
But when muskets go crack, crack,
Bite your cartridge and hard-tack!
Jolly hard-tack, tack, tack, tack,
That 's the stuff you have to crack;
When the muskets go crack, crack,
Bite your cartridge and hard-tack!
That 's the jolly stuff we soldiers have to crack,
Hard-tack, hard-tack, and hard-tack!

MY BRIAR PIPE.

NEAR THE LAKE.



2 Only two and nine-pence bought it
Long time ago!
Cavendish and Lynchburg taught it
Browner to grow;
Round the camp-fires sitting, joking,
Stretched in a row,
Comrades brave this pipe were smoking,
Short time ago!

3 Oh I hoped 'twas mine forever,
Short time ago!
Can I now forget it? — Never!
No, lost one, no!
To its thief my blessing's given
With it he may go!
Oh my Briar-pipe was stolen,
Short time ago!

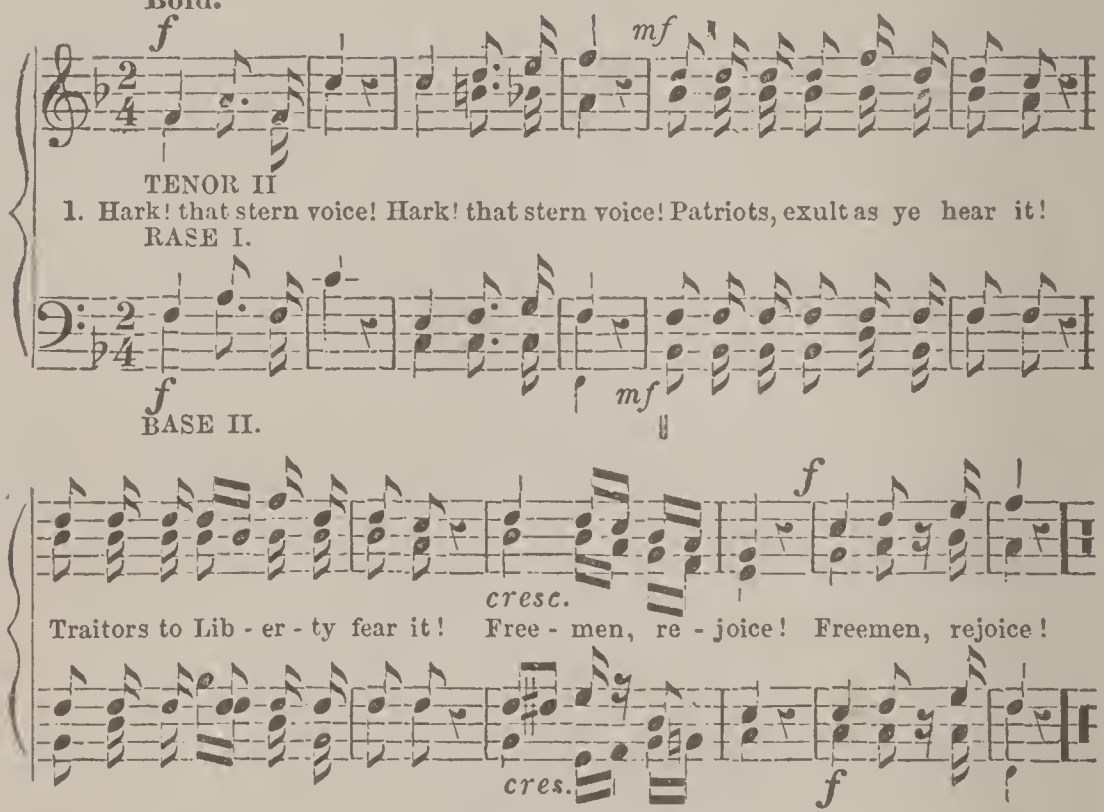
4 If Secesh this pipe have taken,—
Some time ago,
When they stole our corn and bacon,—
Skedaddling slow,
Not a bitter thought 'twill waken,
By Jingo, no!
'Twill be found when Richmond's taken—
Shortly you know.

HENRY P. LELAND.

HARK! THAT STERN VOICE!

TENOR I. FEINDE RINGSUM.

Bold.



1

Hark! that stern voice!
Patriots, exult, as ye hear it!
Traitors to Liberty, fear it!
Freemen, rejoice!

2

Hark! that firm tramp!
Falsehood's foundations are shaking;
Despots are cowering and quaking,
Through their dark camp.

3

Through the roused land
Liberty's host is advancing:
Truth, with her white banner glancing,
Leads her brave band!

4

Morning grows bright!
Treason's foul shadows are flying,
Liberty's ransomed are crying
Hail to the light!

C. T. BROOKS.

WAR-SONGS FOR FREEMEN.

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